

# AMERICA

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### CHRONICLE

**The War.**—In spite of very sanguinary contests on many fronts, and especially in Champagne, where the French have slightly improved their situation, the interest of the week has been a diplomatic one. The only military event to which much importance has been attached is the beginning of the invasion of Serbia by the Central Powers. Already they have got a footing on the Serbian side of the Drina, the Save, and the Danube, have captured Belgrade, Serbia's capital, and are pushing south along the Morava. It is not thought that Serbia is strong enough by herself to defend her territory on these three fronts, especially as Bulgaria is threatening her on a fourth with an army of perhaps 450,000 men. During the coming week the progress of the Teutonic armies will be watched with great interest, as it has been predicted that Austria and Germany will have forced a way through Serbia before the Allies can send sufficient reinforcements to bar their way effectually.

*Bulletin, Oct. 5,  
p.m.-Oct. 11, a.m.*

*Serbia  
Again Invaded*

Events in the Balkans are moving with great rapidity. Bulgaria's reply to the ultimatums sent by Russia and Great Britain, for it now appears that Great Britain also made demands that were final in character, though not in writing, having been judged unsatisfactory, the British, French, Italian, Russian and Serbian Ministers asked for their passports; and M. Savinski, the Russian Minister at Sofia, informed M. Radoslavoff, the Bulgarian Premier, that diplomatic relations between Bulgaria and Russia were at an end. The Bulgarian Minister at Petrograd thereupon left the Russian Capital, and King Ferdinand, who had been requested by Pope Bene-

*Diplomatic  
Developments*

dict to settle his country's difficulty without bloodshed, telegraphed to the Vatican that such a course was now inconsistent with Bulgaria's honor.

Rumania notified Bulgaria that she regarded the mobilization of Bulgarian armies as an unfriendly act, and France proceeded to land troops at Salonica in Greece. A week earlier this step would have aroused hostile demonstrations, for the offers made to Bulgaria by the Allies with the purpose of buying her neutrality were thought to be favoring Bulgarian aspirations at the expense of the rest of the Balkans. The withdrawal however of these offers by the Allies, which followed on Bulgaria's reply to their ultimatums and the subsequent sending of troops to assist Serbia, caused a change of feeling, and the people witnessed the disembarkation of foreign soldiers on their territory, not only with equanimity but even with applause. M. Venizelos, the Greek Premier, interposed a formal protest against this violation of the nation's neutrality. At a stormy meeting in the Chamber of Deputies he defended his abstention from armed resistance on the grounds that it would be useless, and also that such action would exceed Greece's obligations. For the action of the Allies was meant for the defense of Serbia, Greece's ally, whom Greece had solemnly bound herself by treaty to defend, a duty which he felt Greece could not and should not in honor repudiate.

*The Crisis in Greece*

His position, which was interpreted as a first step toward aligning the Greeks with the Allies, displeased the King, and as a consequence M. Venizelos, and with him his Cabinet resigned, although just a few hours before they had received an overwhelming vote of confidence in the Chambers. King Constantine called M. Zaimis and asked him to form a Cabinet. This has al-

ready been done. It is questioned, however, whether this new Government will have the nation's confidence, and it has been predicted that the King will eventually be forced, as happened in the case of the King of Italy and M. Salandra, to recall the ex-Premier to the head of the Government. In the meantime both British and French troops continue to land on Greek soil, nor has any attempt been made to prevent either this or their transportation to Serbia over the Greek railroad. Greece is passing through a severe crisis, King and people apparently being divided in sympathy.

Bulgaria still protests that she is armed for neutrality only, but she is in a precarious condition. On the north is Rumania with her army practically though not officially mobilized, a state of affairs that

*Bulgaria's Peril* has existed for a month. On the east Russia is already reported to be bombarding her seaports on the Black Sea, and especially Varna, toward which, however, Turkish troops are said to be hurrying. On the south British and French warships are patrolling her Aegean coast, and Greece is drawn up along the Kavala boundary; while a large Italian army is reported to be ready to land at short notice. On the west, Great Britain, France, and Serbia are massing troops, although they have delayed so long that they are inferior in number to the Bulgarians.

**France.**—Ministers of State and military chiefs, men of every creed and political opinion, Protestants, Jews, Freethinkers and Radicals have openly expressed their admiration for the patriotism of the

*The Broken Truce* French soldier-priests and chaplains at the front, and of the clergy ministering to their flocks close to the war-zone and throughout the country. But there are many irreconcilable enemies of the faith of the vast majority of their countrymen who foolishly and criminally maintain "that the Catholic Church is responsible for the outbreak of a war considered by it a visitation and punishment of God for the persecution of priests and religious by the French Government." The violently anti-Catholic paper *La Lanterne* protests that the sacred union for national defense will not make them forget or neglect "lay defense." Catholics well know what this means, a renewal, once the war is over, of the odious persecution of the clergy, of the religious, of the entire Catholic body in France. Even now, the truce supposed to prevail among all parties and creeds has been shamefully broken by the enemies of the Church. Some time ago the mayors of the Department of Jura having petitioned the President of the Republic, in the name of their *Communes* to allow the members of their religious Congregations to return, the President through his secretary replied: "The President of the Republic instructs me to request you to inform the petitioners that all members of religious Congregations, who have asked permission to return to France to be attached to sanitary establishments, have been imme-

diately authorized to do so." This trifling concession aroused the indignation of the readers of *La Lanterne*, who pointed out several instances of religious tolerance which they deemed dangerous to the country. Therefore the paper felt called upon to say:

We refrain for the time being from commenting on these facts, but it is necessary to take great care that if all the members of the religious Congregations thus return to France, one by one, they must not be allowed to seize a propitious moment to reconstitute their prohibited Congregations. In that possibility lies a danger for the future. We must and will be prepared to guard against it.

The *Lanterne* does not by any means represent the country's views. It is, however, the organ of a large and unfortunately influential party that breathes rancor and hate against a patriotic body of men and women, who now ask but one privilege from the motherland which has treated them so harshly: that of helping her in the hour of her need and suffering.

**Germany.**—An important decree regulating education in the schools of Poland, west of the Vistula, has been issued by Field Marshal von Hindenburg. The schools,

*Educational Decree for Poland* in general, are placed under the supervision of the Civil Government, from which all authorization in educational matters is to be obtained. The most notable clause is that which makes the "principle of denominationalism" fundamental in the public schools. The decree says:

The schools are to foster religious sentiments; train youth in virtue and discipline; promote obedience, industry, truthfulness and unsullied ideals; and develop moral character and manly effort. The providing and conducting of religious instruction will be in the hands of the respective religious communities (Evangelical, Catholic, Jewish) under the supervision of the civil Government. Wherever religious instruction is not sufficiently provided for by the religious denominations the duty will fall upon the Government, in order that the thorough religious education of youth may be assured.

For all higher public or private schools the permission of the civil authorities is required. Full account is taken in the public schools of the desire of the Poles for their own language. It is to be the established language in all except German and Jewish public schools. Russian is permitted as a special language course. The principals and teachers in charge of secondary schools are chosen by those responsible for the schools themselves and confirmed by the civil authorities.

With the advance of the Austro-Hungarian arms the "Polish Question" is becoming of increasing political importance in Germany. According to the *Allgemeine Rundschau*, a majority of voices *The Polish Question* from the Polish camp are advocating "a policy of mutual understanding and conciliation with the German Empire." Among others the former Polish Representative Napieralski and Prince Drucki-Lubecki recently expressed themselves in this



sense. Count Kwilecki, who has been called to take part in the civil government of Russian Poland, says in a recent brochure that the Poles in their entire being, their history, culture and tradition belong to Western civilization and have been separated from the Germans in particular merely by purely political disagreements. Similar sentiments are expressed by v. Jackowski in the Polish *Goniec Wielkopolski*. He looks forward to a bright future for Poland, but believes that it must rest upon a good understanding with Prussia, such as he thinks can now more readily than ever be brought about. Count Szoldrski, writing in the *Tag*, sees the true purposes of Russia laid bare in its recent attempt to "Russify" Galicia and render it schismatic through military force. He believes that the declarations of the German Government can be trusted, and says it would be foolish and impolitic not to clasp the offered hand of friendship. Mutual confidence and co-operation, he tells the Poles, will be crowned with success. The *Czas*, the conservative organ of the Polish National Committee, publishes the following important declaration:

The speech of the German Imperial Chancellor has made a deep, and we may add, a favorable impression upon Polish society. We take full account of the fact that the German Chancellor made no decisive statement about the fate of Poland. Its significance lies in the principle established by the Chancellor that the opposition between Germans and Poles must now come to an end, and that this must be brought about by acknowledging the rights of Poland to liberty and national development.

There is question, says Count Szoldrski, "of erecting a strong Polish bulwark as an effective protection for the conquests of Western European civilization against the onsets of the East."

**Mexico.**—Comment on Carranza is still plentiful. An American, who left Mexico City recently, writes in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* of October 3:

*Carranza;* All the military chiefs in Mexico, in the  
*His Recognition* opinion of the great majority of well-informed Americans and also in the opinion of the great majority of Mexicans themselves, must be completely eliminated if permanent peace is to come to Mexico. First among these is Venustiano Carranza, first chief of the Constitutional party.

When I reached Mexico City last February, the Capital was in a state of utter anarchy, as it still remains until this day. Few men, whether natives or foreigners, dared drive on the streets with an automobile, for it was certain to be commandeered by the Carranzista troops. Plunder and murder were unconfined, and foreigners were warned against showing themselves in public after nightfall if they valued their lives. . . . Such outrages as these took place while the Carranzistas were in power in Mexico City; and they, with similar occurrences of tyranny, misrule and weakness, have led me to share the prevalent opinion in Mexico that Carranza's recognition by the United States would be fatal to Mexico's hopes for a permanent peace.

I have said that Carranza is for peace, but he is for peace with a difference. He is for peace on terms of unconditional surrender to himself. When the Aguascalientes Convention, composed of leaders from every State asked the military chieftains to lay down their arms and permit a free plebiscite

to be taken for the choice of a Provisional President, Carranza, in the words of the convention's report, "insultingly declined," while Villa agreed.

It can be said without exaggeration that Carranza's egotistic ambition to make himself dictator of Mexico has been the only factor for the last several months which has prevented peace in Mexico. Villa, conscious of his terrible record, and Zapata, knowing he is an unlettered Indian, each admits his unfitness to become ruler of Mexico. Both have repeatedly expressed their willingness to eliminate themselves as possible candidates. But I have found it to be the consensus of opinion in Mexico City that Carranza is committed to the "rule or ruin" policy.

In character he is uncompromising, rigid and so selfish that his own ambitions are to him more important than peace for his country. He is also weak, and is in the hands of a little group of advisers who, I regret to say, are Americans. They would jeopardize all Mexico for their personal aggrandizement, and are moving heaven and earth to win recognition for Carranza in Washington.

When I left (Mexico City) it was being predicted that if Carranza is not eliminated as Huerta was, and if he is recognized by the United States, revolts against his rule will break out anew. His vindictive temper, it was said, would lead him to attempt to take revenge on his enemies, with the result that these would be driven to resume their arms in self-defense. I am speaking not only for myself but for the general opinion in Mexico as I learned it when I say that the recognition of Carranza by the United States would be a disaster and calamity for Mexico.

The *Outlook* for October 6 contains the first of a series of articles on Mexico by Edward I. Bell, a Protestant, sometime editor and publisher of *La Prensa* and the *Daily Mexican* of Mexico City. He asserts that Carranza had prepared a revolt against Madero, whom he now calls the martyr, and parleyed with Huerta for suitable terms of submission to Huerta's government. The writer has this to say of Carranza as Governor:

Carranza possessed no governing talent. He had been an automaton in the Senate and as Governor he was the butt of local wit. His vanity soon became a State liability. His time was devoted to banquets and speech-making. State affairs ran down hill right speedily; discipline disappeared; office routine fell in arrears; graft ran riot; taxes were doubled and in instances multiplied by three, but little of the money reached the treasury. In the northern section of the State, which lies along the border of Texas, bands of brigands raided *haciendas* and small towns and supplied material for the enemies of Madero to exploit in American newspapers.

Continuing, he writes:

Secretary Bryan knew little about Carranza, but he promptly tendered him support. It was this support and nothing else which brought about Carranza the semblance of leadership. Thousands of irresponsible or vicious men in Northern Mexico were hungry to despoil their prosperous neighbors. They rose in little bands and cried, *Viva Madero! Viva Revolution!* And, as an afterthought, they cried, *Viva Carranza!* because behind him was the privilege of selling stolen goods in the United States, and bringing over the border the powder and shot they purchased with the money.

The progress of this "plunderbund" during nearly three years has been made familiar in the news dispatches of the daily press. . . . The method of the Carranzistas is a clean sweep; what they cannot carry away or store up for sale they destroy: grain in storage and growing corn in the fields, farm

implements, imported farm machinery, immense power plants and railway systems of *haciendas*, sugar mills, flour mills, cotton mills, house furnishings, costly irrigation systems and great storage reservoirs for water by which alone the arid lands can be made productive, *hacienda* residences and peon houses, whatever the evil spirit of destruction could vent itself upon, millions of dollars' worth of equipment essential to the agricultural and industrial life of the nation, built up slowly and painfully during more than a half-century. This is the Carranza way.

Not much has been printed of this wanton wiping out by the Carranzistas of the industries in which peons were employed or the confiscation of the crops or the foodstuffs they have raised. In many places in the north, in the center, and in the south utter desolation marks the spot where industrial establishments supplied employment for the peon, and the men Carranza claims as his generals are the ones who have been responsible for it. Revenge has not prompted this miserable work to any great extent. Destructive frenzy and a vicious hope of driving the poor to desperation and to enlistment in the army of destruction are the only assignable causes for these acts. In other respects, in the outrages upon the Church and the Church people, and in the universal desecration of Mexico's womanhood there is no noticeable difference in the methods of the factions.

Of all the special American investigators who have reported to the Administration on Mexican conditions, the best-informed, and therefore the most dependable is Dr. Henry Allen Tupper, of the International Peace Forum. . . . His discoveries, promptly communicated to Mr. Bryan, proved unwelcome. Dr. Tupper kept on, at his own expense, but his secret advices to Bryan have not yet seen the light of day.

The lawlessness of Carranza's advance agent, Blanco, and his savages when they entered Mexico City in August, 1914, was a vivid demonstration to Dr. Tupper of the awfulness of the thing we were aiding, and he withheld nothing of it from the Secretary of State. He was in Mexico City during the months Carranza was enthroned there. The burlesque of government carried on by the First Chief, the desperate greed of his officers and men and the free hand they were allowed in robbing and killing, the unprintable outrages on churchmen and churchwomen and the debauching and ruin of churches, these things Dr. Tupper reported with exactness to Mr. Bryan at Washington. It was dependable information, and it came with deep regret from Dr. Tupper, who saw the abyss into which we had plunged by the Administration's unwise support of unworthy men.

Carranza started out in March, 1913, with 30,000 pesos, worth then \$15,000. Villa had nothing. Where did they and their followers get the \$50,000,000 spent with us or now on deposit with our banks and commercial houses?

Ransoms from rich merchants and churchmen, fines, arbitrary export and import duties, gambling-house licenses, etc., etc., raised perhaps \$8,000,000. The other \$42,000,000 was realized by dealing with us. First, by selling to us all manner of merchantable stuff taken by force from those who owned it. Second, by exchanging their fiat issues of worthless paper currency for the currency of the United States with our border traders, our bankers, and those of us who attempted to do business of any kind beyond the Rio Grande. Official statistics of exports and imports to and from the United States substantiate these assertions. I will content myself with one item. In the year ending June 30, 1911, the last year of normal conditions, our imports from Mexico amounted to \$57,000,000. For the year ending June 30, 1915, when three-quarters of the area of Mexico was in turmoil and the inhabitants were starving, our imports from Mexico amounted to \$92,000,000. Of this amount substantially all the cattle and coffee and a large part of the hides and henequen, amounting altogether to \$47,000,000, were sent to us through revolutionary, that is to say,

bandit, venders. This merchandise was taken by force from its rightful owners, and Carranza was a party to the transactions. When we bought it, we knew it to be so; we bought it at lower prices on that account. We knew that for the most part the money we paid for it would be used to buy arms to be employed in killing and coercing people in order that more merchantable stuff might be offered to us at the same favorable rates.

This dispatch sent from Merida by way of Havana shows later conditions:

On September 24 the Carranzistas forced the doors of the cathedral and three other churches, profaned the Blessed Sacrament, burned the statues of the Saints and later confiscated three colleges conducted by Sisters.

On October 9 the Pan-American conference decided in favor of the recognition of Carranza who gave these pledges:

(1) That the lives and property of Mexicans and foreigners will be respected and safeguarded by the Carranza Government. (2) That persons connected with any religion in Mexico will be permitted to return to Mexico and will be secured in life and property if they have not and will not participate in politics. (3) That general amnesty will be granted to Mexicans, although it is not expected that amnesty will be granted to certain leaders of the opposition to the Constitutional cause. (4) That the de facto government will take the necessary steps to restore law and order in the country, to provide general elections for the choice of officers of the Government, and that there will be a restoration of the Constitutional order in Mexico.

Comment on this is reserved for the editorial pages of further issues of AMERICA.

**Rome.**—The *Civiltà Cattolica*, quoting from the *Osservatore Romano*, gives an interesting account of the embassy sent by his Majesty Legg Yiassu, Emperor of Ethiopia, to Benedict XV, to offer to his Holiness the homage of the young prince and to congratulate him on his elevation to the Pontifical throne. For this purpose Father Basilio da Combrand was sent to Rome to give the Pope this autograph letter from the Ethiopian monarch:

Legg Yiassu, hereditary Prince of the throne of Ethiopia, son of the Emperor Menelik II, to his Holiness, the most glorious Pope Benedict XV, Supreme Head of Bishops, whose See is in Rome: With profound respect, I present to your August Person, the homage of my esteem and devotion.

Earnestly desirous of continuing with your Holiness the friendly relations which your Illustrious Predecessors deigned to establish with my father, I entrust to the Reverend Father Basilio da Combrand this present letter as a proof of my sincere and respectful sentiments. And since, Most Holy Father, the Lord God has found you worthy to ascend the Chair of Peter and has granted me the grace to live in these days and to witness such an event, I beg your August Person to deign to accept the expression of the homage which I hereby send you; and with all the confidence which your Holiness inspires in me, I dare to ask you to give me a place in your solicitude and care in order that God may give me the grace to govern wisely and to bring about the happiness of the people of Ethiopia.

The letter deeply moved the Holy Father, and he commissioned the envoy to carry the expression of his gratitude to the young sovereign.



## TOPICS OF INTEREST

## Genesis of Woman Suffrage

THE sources and development of woman suffrage show plainly that original design is discredited as a worn-out legend fit only for the childhood of the race. There is, for the progenitors of sex-rebellion, no "In the beginning"; no God's plan unrolling in time and space, from out of eternity into time; no perfect pattern marred, but not ruined, by the disobedience of the first man and woman and by every mere man and woman save our Blessed Mother Mary.

The Darwinians and Spencerians have made popular the notion that the monogamic family is a produce of gradual evolution. Dozens of reasons are given by pseudo-scientists for its development. But, of course, as they find no basic reason for its existence, they assume no necessity for its maintenance. After all their facts and fancies have been gathered, the monogamic family is found by some to be best in producing and rearing children, as one method of breeding cattle is proved to be best fitted in securing excellent animals for domestic and commercial purposes.

Humanists have graciously acknowledged the monogamic family to be worth saving in the interest of the race. Even though might, not right, put men in possession of personal wealth, it is certain that in order to hold their ill-gotten gains, there arose the budding desire to dwell in organized communities. Splendid! Human experience in family forms is so varied that the commandment not to commit adultery is seen to be a shrewd piece of legislation to keep the family intact. The modern materialists popularized the idea that the monogamic family was found to be the self-conscious means by which strong men secured to their own advantage and to the offspring of their loins the social results of their conquests over their unfortunate fellows. Wonderful! This securely established the dogma that private property called the monogamic family into existence and, against nature, subjected woman to man: this dogma, of course, deals the death-blow to God's creation of man and woman. It has for its authority the theory of man's origin from the monkey with the *link missing*. Worse yet, in this philosophy of life there is missing a reason for the *human desire* to leave its "fish hooks and arrows" to its own kith and kin. Besides, God being dismissed, the "*self-conscious*" enjoyment of private wealth comes from nowhere.

Too bad, to spoil a well-thumbed theory of sex equality with little matters like these! Having gathered such philosophical strength as to color public opinion, "equal rights" broke out into political action. The die was cast in rebellion! As private property and sex slavery came into the scheme of human evolution together, they must go out together, to make way for the "new society."

Clearly the bursting womb of the present order shall bring forth the economic and sex independence of men and women with the consequence that the individual shall supersede the family as the unit of the "social organism."

The means seem easily at hand, when workmen vote. Therefore, shall not justice be done? By majority vote "all-the-people" may become sole owner of all the capital now owned by private persons. Surely it is plain enough that, if private property is abolished, the monogamic family must die out for want of material support, unless individual sex passion keeps it alive.

In the "new society" women will be just as free as men, though man has a handicap from nature: with no home they may seek presidential votes for John or for Arabella. At its roots, this is the "economic freedom" upon which votes for women rest. The "Communist Manifesto," 1848, set these principles down succinctly, by demanding, "abolition of all right of inheritance," and "equal liability of men and women to labor." From that time on the radical political platforms, in words more or less explicit, attacked the family and demanded votes for women. In this country as early as 1851 the demand for "universal suffrage" was made in Richmond, Va., by the Social Democrats. In Germany, the Gotha platform, 1875, demanded "universal, equal and direct suffrage." The Belgian Labor Party, 1893, demanded the abolition of the "husband's liability to support the wife or children." The Social Democratic Party of Austria, 1901, demanded "abolition of all laws subordinating woman to man in public or private life." The Socialist Party of France, 1902, demands "the abrogation of every law establishing the civil inferiority of women and natural or adulterine children." Bebel rightly says that "the Socialist Party is the only one that has made the full equality of women an integral part of its program, from [logical] necessity."

In England, before the British Parliament, 1867, John Stuart Mill, when pleading for votes for women, opened up the issue with a masterful evasion. While abstract human rights were waived as irrelevant to the issue, the rights of the family were utterly ignored. Mr. Mill rests the case solely upon expediency. "To lay the ground for a denial of the franchise to anyone, it is necessary to allege either personal unfitness or public danger."

Abstract rights are truly irrelevant, but in denying the franchise to women, the rights of the family are preserved, and so public disorder averted.

Meantime, women were not quite content to let men settle the matter. In 1848 the Woman's Rights Convention (New York) resolved to secure their "sacred right to the elective franchise." Their "Declaration of Sentiments" scathingly rehearsed woman's "wrongs." But the grievances alleged set forth proof that the husband and father was performing his political and economic duty of keeping the family intact. Abroad, Harriet Martineau was at once attacking the integrity of the family and destroying human confidence in God's provi-

dence, by advocating the voluntary limitation of offspring *à la* Malthus. On this side of the ocean, Frances Wright, a member of Robert Owen's "New Harmony Colony," first insisted that politics is the high road to sex freedom. "Fanny" devoted her time and fortune to laying down affection as the one foundation of marriage, "kind feeling and kind action, the only religion." Margaret Fuller the while was dazzling the minds of men with the woman's version of the Concord School of Philosophy, and from Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, came protestations before the Massachusetts Legislature as to the intellectual fitness of women to vote and a denial that the emancipation of women would endanger the home. Victoria Claflin Woodhull went further by memorializing Congress for woman suffrage, and presenting herself to the nation as a presidential candidate. Miss Woodhull carried logic further, advocating the doctrine of sex-independence baldly. Of course, at that time the open advocacy of free love gained but a small following.

Perhaps Mary Wollstonecraft most vitally influenced the early propaganda of "political rights" for women. Her break from a Catholic environment was violent, weakened by no Protestant ancestry. Margaret Fuller says Miss Wollstonecraft's career was the more heroic from the fact that she belonged to a class "so narrow" that women in breaking their bonds "become outlaws." In her "Vindication of the Rights of Women" Miss Wollstonecraft argues in strict materialist fashion that "sexual distinction is arbitrary" and that woman will change her character and "emulate the virtues of men" once she is emancipated from the "authority that chains her to her 'duty.'" Miss Wollstonecraft and Frances Wright's names head the list as a "constant inspiration" to whom are "affectionately inscribed" those volumes on "The History of Woman Suffrage," edited by Elizabeth C. Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Matilda Joslyn Gage.

This history is voluminous. Its premise is laid upon the assumption that under "freedom of education," "woman would not only outgrow the power of the priesthood, and religious superstition, but would invade the pulpit, interpret the Bible anew from her own standpoint, and claim an equal voice (with men) in all ecclesiastical councils." Proof that progress in woman's emancipation has been made by rebellion is cited by the authors of "The History of Woman Suffrage." "The Reformation . . . loosened the grasp of the Church upon women, and is to be looked upon as one of the most important steps in this reform. . . . When Elizabeth ascended the throne, it was not only as queen, but as the head of the newly-formed rebellious Church," and she bent "alike priest and prelate to her fiery will."

Regarding the education of children, Ellen Key has, no doubt, exerted the most powerful influence upon the Feminist propaganda. It is positive that: "At the present moment the most demoralizing factor in education is Christian religious instruction." . . . "The children are now taught the Old Testament account of the world as

absolute truth, although it wholly contradicts their physical and historical instruction." (*The Century of the Child*).

Once a competent view of the movement demanding votes for women is had, the conclusion becomes necessary that it takes its rise in opposition to, not in logical extension from, Christian principles as related to the sexes, that the Feminist phenomena is in fact, but following after the fire of sex rebellion, set aflame at the time of the so-called Protestant Reformation; that the moral vision has become so obscured that both men and women are at work destroying God's authority and practically denying that the family is a moral body with the man politically and economically responsible for his wife and children as a necessary corollary.

MARTHA MOORE AVERY.

### The Immigrant and the Nation

IF the immigrant presents a knotty problem to the Church authorities, he is as great a problem for the State. Coming as he does in excessive numbers and from almost every corner of the globe, he becomes the subject of anxious questionings on the part of American citizens who fear for the homogeneity, the selfhood, the future of the Commonwealth. Are we assimilating the newcomers; or are they being alienated from us by irreconcilable differences of language and interests? Are we destined to see history repeat itself as in the case of the Roman Empire, which split up into many distinct, self-governing nations?

The rôle of political prophet is a particularly dangerous one. But we may and must note tendencies of the present day, and with this knowledge to guide us, we may form a fairly accurate notion as to whither we are drifting.

The descendants of the "Pilgrim Fathers," and all who claim kinship with them, are heard at times to ask whiningly: What is to become of this Nation of ours, founded on popular education and the equality of all, when we allow the uneducated immigrant to overwhelm us by sheer numbers, to fling his exotic habits of life in our teeth, to taunt us with the power of the vote we have so unselfishly bestowed upon him and perhaps by means of it to wrest from us our political self-control?

As a matter of fact this whimpering patriot is not making any serious effort to hold his own in competition with the immigrant. His doleful wail will help him little as long as he deliberately continues to refuse compliance with the law of race preservation: increase and multiply. Those Pilgrim forbears whose vanishing heritage he so pitifully bemoans, he might imitate to his great advantage. Their family spirit, their religious spirit, are traits that stand out conspicuously as the mainsprings of whatever they accomplished worth while. Of eugenics they knew nothing, but they gave to the land a progeny of rugged, earnest, self-sacrificing men and women. Many of those



who today appeal to them almost in despair of their own position, they would disown as unworthy descendants. The characteristic imprint which the Pilgrim stamped on the young Nation, is being obliterated a little more every day, not so much by the immigrant as by the native American who is undergoing a radical change.

Along with his evolution in outlook, habits and character, family and religion, he has developed political and economic tendencies of far-reaching import. There was a time not so many years ago, when the political boss, and he generally was native-born, could, on election day, swear in for naturalization practically as many voters as he could muster. The result of the election was largely in his hands. The new naturalization law made this high-handed procedure impossible. However, the power of the boss has not waned very seriously. By shrewd appeal to racial prejudice and antagonism, in other words by an unchaining of those elements of disruption which a united homogeneous Nation must by all means seek to hold in leash he succeeds in keeping himself in power, and the component parts of the Nation in contention and strife. But that is of little concern to him, since on occasion his fiery patriotic utterances can scarcely be matched.

As a captain of industry the native American's methods have called forth not only protests, strikes and sometimes violence, but, what is better, remedial laws. He brought thousands of immigrants into his factories. He took advantage of their ignorance and of their need of daily bread to force upon them low wages, dangerous working conditions, unhealthful surroundings. Out of all these and out of the women and children besides he made enormous profits; he piled up millions in a few years, and then stood aghast in holy indignation at the low standards of living of "the aliens." He rented to them his rickety, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated tenements, and then he had philanthropic commissions appointed to look into the housing problem of the immigrants. He planted saloons at the entrance to his mammoth shops, and was innocently ignorant that some of his properties were rented for immoral purposes. And then he virtuously exclaimed that the Country was in danger: the aliens are not being assimilated; they are not coming up to American standards; they are "backward men who must inevitably retard our social progress."

It is not necessary to make the generalization too sweeping; but the type here sketched is to be met on the streets, and the Nation has everything to gain from his complete disappearance. And the reverse of the medal? How do matters stand from the immigrant's point of view?

In an intensely industrial Connecticut town the foreign population is ten times greater than the native population. Thirty nationalities are represented, and eighteen languages are spoken. In this typically foreign settlement there was found but one man who was not aware that he might, if he chose, become an American citizen. That incident speaks volumes for the assimilative powers of

our Commonwealth, and the assimilable propensities of the foreigner. In general he is quick to ask for naturalization. He is often coached by voters of his own nationality who have learned to appreciate their newly acquired rights and understand their duties, and he is led on by them to the final test.

After the oath of allegiance has been sworn, the immigrant is intensely loyal to his adopted country. In our largest centers of population he is often preyed upon by the most degraded types of political vampires, and exploited by demagogues who are as unscrupulous as they are unpatriotic. But outside of the larger agglomerations with their artificial life and unsound undercurrents, in the smaller cities and the country districts, when left free to develop his own best qualities, he is a staunch supporter of the Government he lives under and loves with all his heart. To see him eager to become incorporated with the Nation; to see him join whole-heartedly and in large numbers in all patriotic celebrations; to see him enroll in the Army and Navy, in the National Guard or the Naval Reserves, is to realize that he has at heart the welfare of his adopted land. That, underneath, there remains smouldering a childlike affection for his native hearth and kinsfolk, is as natural as it is harmless. The naturalized immigrant has undergone an inner transformation such that with him the government and principles of this Nation take precedence over all else.

In these days of quickly-roused passions the hyphen has acquired a notoriety altogether out of proportion to its importance. At times the specious virtues of his native American neighbor come in for some merciless criticism on the part of the naturalized citizen. Should it be made a basis for impugning his good faith? Or some unscrupulous demagogue perpetrates his villainies under cover of the law, violates all canons of decency, overrides or sets at naught the will of the majority. Shall we consider him as a type of every man and woman in the land, say that all are felons, that there is no longer any probity or sense of right among us? Similarly some naturalized citizen may overstep the bounds of duty and justice, and forgetful of his obligations toward his adopted land, seek to betray its interests. Washington had his Benedict Arnold. As long as our poor human nature remains beset by moral infirmities, we may as well resign ourselves to find an Arnold now and then, but be firmly determined to repress his nefarious activity whenever it becomes manifest.

Our immigrants have built up the Country, and had their share, a generous one, in bringing it to its present state of prosperity. It is fair to rule all their accomplishments out of court by the sweeping and inane remark "that they come to us for the most part destitute not only of money but of knowledge, of useful experience, of any serviceable mental equipment"? It must be an uncommonly sturdy race indeed which with all these handicaps has succeeded in opening for cultivation the immense wilderness from the Alleghenies to the Pacific,

in extracting from mines unknown and untouched since the day of creation such a vast wealth of treasure as to make this land the richest on earth. Well might we apply with a slight modification the words of Tertullian to the Roman emperor: if the vast army of immigrants and their descendants were to withdraw from the land, there would be left a mere handful of inhabitants to stare in mute astonishment at the deserted temples, mansions, theaters, factories and farms. But there is no fear of such a calamity ever overtaking us. The foreign-born citizen has not only borne the burden of the heat and the day in bringing this Nation to an unprecedented stage of material prosperity, in the dark days of foreign war and internecine strife he has given his blood and his all that this Country might be free, great and united. Among the battle-scarred veterans who have answered the last bugle call; among those still left with us in hamlet and city, one finds a generous proportion of men who call some country of Europe their native home. Their whole connection with it, however, is merely one of sentiment. They always fully understood where their first duty lay, and to this they were never recusant.

The Catholic Church has taught this sacred duty with especial care to all her children, young and old alike. Love of God and Country has ever been her motto. Never has she ranged herself on the side of those deluded teachers who, in furtherance of their unpatriotic propaganda, go about preaching the essential injustice of war under any and all circumstances. The repression by war of an unjust aggressor; the righteous defense by war of violated rights, with all the death and havoc such a course involves, have been universally approved by the most authoritative exponents of her doctrines.

And if the day should ever come that our armies are again bidden march forth in defense of home and country, the Catholic immigrant will rejoice in being able to send to the battle front a numerous array of sons and daughters as soldiers and nurses to triumph or to die for the land which he calls peculiarly his own.

J. B. CULEMANS.

#### A Catholic Writers' Syndicate

AND now we are at it again, hammer and tongs, pro and con, discussing the Catholic press, its merits and demerits, its virtues and defects, and, in especial, the problem of what we are to do in order to make it better. Good; this is very good. Only limited and little matters get themselves disposed of; big and vital things refuse to be settled.

For one, I am rather glad that the subject of the daily is not paramount in the present discussion. Catholics talking about a great and wonderful Catholic daily in the existing state of our journalism reminds me of the Socialists and other Ism-ites talking about Utopia, dreaming about the heaven upon earth which is to be, and meanwhile neglecting to make themselves more fit for the life

of earth as it is, to say nothing about the life not of this earth, which is to come. In a word, the project of a successful daily is so staggering a task for us to tackle, poorly equipped as American Catholics are with enthusiasm for Catholic journalism and Catholic literature and Catholic art, indifferent as wealthy American Catholics are to the support of these things, that surely it is better, much better, to set to work improving what we have before we waste too much energy chasing chimeras.

Now, there are already excellent Catholic weeklies, or, to be more exact, at least several which are excellent. And there are many more which are not so good as they ought to be. Surely, without being accused of pessimism or of what is worse, foolish optimism, one may take this safe position.

What can be done to improve the good ones, and make the poor ones good?

Well, speaking as one with twenty years of journalism behind him from which to draw suggestions, I would say that there are two practical steps possible and entirely feasible whereby the Catholic weeklies may be radically and permanently improved. The first step is to better their news service. The second step is to improve their literary features.

There are two concrete plans in my mind in regard to these two needed things. The first plan, dealing with the improvement of the news service, I will pass over now, for its discussion would involve too much space and the subject is too important to be slightly sketched. The second step, the improvement of the literary features of our existing weeklies, can be effected, I believe, very easily. The idea I have in mind was tried out some years ago, and worked admirably, among the Socialists. I was in that camp myself at the time, and well remember the enthusiasm it created among Socialist writers and artists, and how that enthusiasm was transformed into a practical force of propaganda. The plan was as follows:

A large number of Socialist writers and artists agreed to give, *to give, for nothing, without a penny in return*, at least one story, poem, essay, article, cartoon or sketch at stated intervals, in order to help on the cause of Socialism. These editorials, poems, stories, essays, sketches, and so forth, were then handled by a central bureau, which paid its necessary expenses by selling this material at the smallest possible rate to Socialist papers. The material was duplicated and handled in syndicate form, a single article often appearing in a large number of papers simultaneously. Thus its impact was widened without being dissipated. Its force was multiplied. Its effect was more spontaneous and timely. And the Socialist press was immensely enriched by contributions from clever, often brilliant, and in some cases very eminent writers; writers who could not afford to work entirely for the Socialist press, but who very cheerfully, very enthusiastically, very willingly and freely, gave some of their best work to the cause they favored. These Socialists applied self-sacrifice and generosity to their cause.



Surely Catholics can do the same? Indeed, and I know that they can, and I know that they do! Why not concentrate this scattered and spasmodic force? Why not organize it for the glory of God, in His service, through the powerful agency of the Catholic press? Why can we not adopt this plan which the Socialists proved to be practical, but which petered out, in the end, with them, simply because Socialists rarely retain their enthusiasm, seldom "stay put," and, being intellectually restless, and morally unsettled folk, pass on into the unholy service of other Ism-itic idols. But Catholics do stay put; thanks be to the God of Truth! We, I am sure, could make a better job of this particular thing. Come, let us do it!

Let's make AMERICA, if it will, the central agency. Let Catholic writers agree to contribute to begin with, say, one article or poem, essay or editorial or book review, every quarter. Let these be set up in type, the best of them, I mean, for the writers must not be sensitive; they must let the central agency be an editorial bureau with all which that implies; proofs must be taken, and sold at a small price for simultaneous publication in as many Catholic weeklies in the United States and Canada, with Canadian writers joining in, of course, as will buy. The money would pay the editorial and clerical expenses.

We have splendid Catholic writers in the United States and Canada; poets, essayists, historians, editorial writers, critics of music and art and literature, dramatists and advertising writers; yes, there is a multitude of them, some of them working entirely for the secular press, but all would be glad to put in a few good "licks" for Catholicism if the chance afforded.

A little later on, ways and means of utilizing Catholic artists should be devised. Cartoons, both comic and serious, are mighty agencies for good and for evil. We have plenty of Catholic artists in the country. It does not cost very much to make electrotype plates, to be sold at a small sum for simultaneous publication.

In this way a writer or an artist could reach an audience of a million, say, or five million, instead of the small public attached to one periodical. Only high grade work should be put forth; nothing but the best. And we would get "good stuff," the very best stuff, with the thrill and the movement of life, for our Guardian Angels, the ministering spirits assigned by God to help as at the very spring and fountainhead of thought, would delight to whisper good ideas, inspiring notions for verse and story and special article!

Would not our editors welcome such a syndicate? Its material would brighten and strengthen their pages, without in any way detracting from the individuality and particular spirit of each periodical. Not a stiff uniformity of material and manner and form should be the ideal of our Catholic press; but rather a rich and varied difference springing from the one soil of thought, like the myriad flowers of the earth. But our Catholic weeklies could give the products of our best writers a tremendous circulation without in any way interfering

with their own local treatment of their own local problems and conditions. Precisely in the same way they could give national and international Catholic news a tremendous circulation without interfering with their own local news, by means of a central bureau of Catholic news. But this topic I must leave for another article. In the meantime, what think you, Catholic writers, editors, readers, of this plan?

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

### Homicide, Excusable and Felonious

JUST at present two spectacular moving-picture productions are occupying the attention, it is scarcely too much to say, of hundreds of thousands of people in many cities of the United States. In one, there is a case of what some people would erroneously call suicide; and in the other, a double murder and a homicide in self-defense occur. All three instances are presented to the spectator in such a way as to evoke approval, and in no case is there any criticism or comment either for or against the deed. The situation which results in the taking of human life is practically identical in all three cases, but is dealt with in three different ways. Virtue is endangered in each instance, but in one case the person endangered leaps from a cliff, with only one chance in a thousand of escaping death; in the second case the person endangered shoots the unjust aggressor; and in the third, a mother sends a bullet through the hearts of her two imperiled children, being goaded to her awful deed by the frenzied fear of a fate for them, which she regards as far worse than death. The widespread publicity which these vast scenic representations have enjoyed and are likely to enjoy for an indefinite time to come, makes a discussion of the homicides timely and even necessary.

There is no doubt whatever that homicide in general is forbidden by the natural law and by positive Divine command. The precept, "Thou shalt not kill," was not merely engraved on the tablets of Mt. Sinai, it is written unmistakably in every human heart. Directly, deliberately and on one's own authority, to take the life of another who is innocent, is an unjust invasion of the rights of the individual, of the State of which he is a member, and of God. Civilized society is unanimous in its reprobation of such a deed, and almost universally punishes it with death. The public executioner in the performance of his duty may put an end to the existence of a condemned criminal; and in a just war, an individual may, at his country's bidding, do his best to disable his enemy even with the certain prospect of inflicting a mortal wound. But no man in his private capacity, may lawfully, by his direct action, seek to kill another, unless that other is unjustly, here and now, actually assailing or certainly about to assail his own or a third person's right to life or limb, or to property of great value, or to virtue.

"Lynch Law" therefore is an outrageous crime, being the usurpation of an authority over life and death, to which no private citizen, nor any group of private citizens has any claim. Similarly no motive, whether it be to prevent insult and shame, or to put an end to hopeless suffering, or to save the life of another, justifies the taking of an innocent life. Putting a mortally wounded comrade out of agony, therefore, as soldiers are sometimes asked to do on the battlefield, taking a child's life to preserve the mother's, or to save the child itself from disgrace, are all unjustifiable: such acts constitute murder. The mother, therefore, in the moving-picture is guilty of murder, although in her frenzied state she is not perhaps altogether responsible; thus too husbands and fathers who during the Boxer movement put pistols into their wives' hands with the counsel to use them against their daughters when all hope of saving the legations was gone, advised the commission of murder, pure and simple. The reason is that human life belongs to God alone, and in the above-mentioned cases He refuses to transfer His dominion over it to another. Even should the one who is killed consent to the killing, it would be murder none the less, because God's rights over that life would remain.

On the other hand, homicide, in the case where it is a necessity of self-defense, has always been held to be justifiable before the tribunal of God and excusable in the eyes of the law. Every man has a right, given him by nature itself, to his life; although not in the sense that he may keep it or terminate it at his pleasure, for being a gift of God that is intended primarily and essentially for the service of God, he is bound to take ordinary means to preserve it until it shall have run the course and rendered the service assigned to it by Divine Providence. Life, however, belongs to man in the limited sense that it is his to possess, to use, to enjoy and to defend against all unjust attacks. Individuals, therefore, who assail this right, so long as the one attacked is not himself guilty of unjust aggression on the rights of others, do so at their peril. Life is so precious a gift, that a man may take such means to save it as are necessary, even to the extent of causing the death of an unjust assailant. Of course, no man may licitly inflict more injury on his assailant than is required for legitimate self-defense; but jurists, ethicists and moral theologians are agreed that he may licitly proceed to any length that is necessary to resist murderous attacks, not excluding the infliction of death on the person by whom his own life is put in jeopardy.

The man attacked is not ordinarily obliged in conscience to take his adversary's life to save his own, for such an action is clearly not one of the ordinary means of preserving life which every man is bound to employ; but he is justified in doing so, whenever it is the only means of escaping death. For in the collision of the two rights, the right of the persons attacked and the right of the assailant, the latter right gives way. It is abdicated so

to speak by the free act of the wrong-doer. Nor is any injury done to the State, for it exists precisely to defend the rights of its citizens. God, too, in such cases signifies by the prompting of the natural law that He gives permission for what would otherwise be a usurpation of His dominion over life and death; for by the very fact that God gives a man a right to defend his life, which no one denies, He also gives him the right to use such means to that end as are necessary: in other words, to take the life of the unjust assailant, where without this, self-defense is impossible.

It is to be noted also that what one is justified in doing for himself in this matter, he may do for another. Provided he be certain that the attack on the third person's life is unjust, and that there is no other way of saving him except by killing his assailant, not only will he be free from blame, in saving the life of the person attacked by taking the life of the one who assails him, but he will perform an act of virtue.

Again, where an attempt is made on a person's virtue, not in the moral sense by temptation, but in the technical sense of an outrageous assault on chastity, the life of the person who makes the attempt, may be taken either by the person who is actually endangered or by another who comes to the rescue. The same is true of cases where goods of great value are in danger of being lost by robbery, and there is no hope of saving them except by killing the thief, although this last point, which relates to goods of value, is only probable and is not so easy of application. In both these cases, however, as in the former instances, no greater violence may be used than the case actually demands.

Except in very exceptional instances no one is obliged in conscience to resist. In circumstances therefore, where there is felt a violent disinclination to the shedding of human blood, or where all efforts at resistance are seen to be fruitless, escape from the attack may be sought in other ways, as in the case of the leap from the cliff, even though the chances of not being killed by means of escape, in the example by the leap itself, are very slight. Suicide indeed is always forbidden. No one may ever for any motive, directly, deliberately and on his own authority end his own life. But in cases of extreme peril to either life or virtue, one may take means to escape the pressing danger, even though these means may lead to death. The good which is directly sought being so great, it is deemed sufficient to justify the risk.

The examples referred to in this paper were chosen, not because they are strange and extraordinary, but because they are depicted in the most widely circulated and best attended of the moving-pictures of the day, and because they are typical of very many other instances, taken from fiction and life, and shown on the screen and in the papers, which call for an application of the elementary but not always understood principles which have been exposed. Human life is a sacred thing.



It is not a mere chattel or a plaything to be used for a day or as long as it amuses, and then carelessly cast aside. Dominion over human life belongs exclusively to God. He who trifles with the life of man, trifles with one of God's exclusive possessions and will be held to a strict account. Its use, however, belongs to man, and is a precious gift, the foundation gift of all God's personal gifts to man. We must be on our guard, therefore, lest our appreciation of its worth be cheapened by the light estimation in which it is apparently held in the press, and in the film. Its rights and privileges must be learned from the basic character of human nature, not from the whim or fancy of scenario writers, whose concern is to create striking or thrilling situations, not to expose the truth.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

### Back Home with the Women

IT was only to be expected that the humorists would suggest an expedition of England's athletic suffragettes to active service in Flanders. The humorists will never know how seriously their circumstantial wit was received. Hundreds of young English women, whose social and educational equipment fitted them for recruitment to the ranks of militant vote-seekers, have diverted their energy to a phase of national defense, and have the sanction of the War Office to appear in khaki skirts and blouses. They are known as the women soldiers, and in nine cases out of ten they look just as warlike as their male counterparts. That is one of the things which England, despite Nelson's succinct advice, did not expect: the spectacle of every woman doing her duty, or carrying out some sort of active program flattered by that sacred name. So keenly has the place of woman been realized that time is almost ripe for a play, called "An Englishwoman's Home," which would faithfully depict the steps to be taken by all good British housewives if the Germans should suddenly invade the back-kitchens of Merrie England. The production should prove quite as successful as "An Englishman's Home," which long ago passed away into the plentiful oblivion awaiting all problem plays.

At the front with the men you obtain a restricted insight into national fortitude with the war's dilatory progress. There your harvest is twenty-five per cent psychology and a good seventy-five per cent vocabulary. The women back home are the real thermometer; they turn on the tears and cheers. They read the war bulletins with their hearts and, therefore, thoroughly misunderstand them and accurately interpret them. Among thousands of lithographs plastered all over London you will find many pointed expressions to the women of Britain. The appeal is made to mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts to clothe themselves in the garments of conscience and remind the young men that it is time to go. Now that was an obvious note for the War Office to strike. The garments of conscience fit almost any woman: they like wearing them. One extreme of this conscience-personification is called "nagging," "henpeckery," "hubby-bullying." Police and divorce courts both prove how popular this wifely privilege can be.

But the women of England were advised to nag by law. They were represented as standing, the poor woman and the patrician, hand in hand, gazing with calm, brave eye at their khaki-clad men marching off to the shambles. "Go!" is the dramatic monosyllable they are supposed to impart to hesitating swains, doubting husbands, and undecided sons and brothers. They have said much more. Middle-aged Englishwomen, those with experience of life, and years of suffering to their credit, have been

moderate in their talk; but the young women of England, the creatures that catch the latest dance and lisp recent slang, they can hardly, as a class, look back on their war-behavior with placidity.

Take the white-feather fashion. A young man, sun-bronzed and athletic, was seated in the vestibule of a Strand hotel, smoking a cigarette. His air was lazily luxurious, so a chiffoned young lady, after whispering to her friends, stepped lightly toward him. "Here is a present, sir," she said. He accepted it, a small white feather. Blush? Not he. "That's the second present I've had today," he replied, as he dipped two fingers into an upper vest-pocket. "This is the first." He calmly displayed a "Distinguished Conduct Medal," and the chiffoned interloper fled dismayed. It served her right.

Small railroad tickets, marked "London to Berlin," have been distributed by girl "nosey-parkers" galore, and have done not a little bit of good. It is true that the twittering of lady friends has induced many a young Briton to exchange his disdained civilian clothes for the King's khaki; but men teased into joining the army are not likely to have the simple, sturdy mental makeup necessary for the conscientious soldier. Yet on the whole the feminine campaign has sadly failed, and led to an even further reduction of the male Briton's respect for the opposite sex.

In the poorer parts of London it has been no uncommon thing for women to shout after men in the streets, calling them cowards, execrating them for not joining the army. A case came to light just a few days ago where some poor devil had been driven to suicide by loud-mouthed women. The coroner discovered him to be quite ineligible for military service, and he issued a warning to women to hold their tongues. He might better have employed his official position to locate the women who had turned the unfortunate's mind to self-destruction. The lash would have been condign punishment for their caddishness.

Yes, caddishness is not a very gallant term to employ in regard to women; but you must understand that the type of woman referred to, really relishes the fact that her sex protects her from the call of the bugle. Oh, there are plenty such in England, masculine women, who will tell you quite gratuitously what they would do if they were men. That "if" is such a monument of strength to all ineligibles in war-time.

For weeks English women allowed their tongues the full luxury of giving advice to their male friends. One can almost imagine them making literal notes of their acquaintances of military age, and planning individual recruiting campaigns, also carrying them out. It is only now that the mischief has been finally checked. Imagine a girl approaching a young man, medically unfit for service, and thrusting her opinion upon him! Dreadful, indeed, to have kings and parliaments forcing other men to face dangers from which they themselves are personally immune, but conscription is a far lesser evil than a ragged-edged voluntary system whereby young men are cajoled, teased and even intimidated to enlist. If England had recognized this at the outset thousands of her daughters would not now be blushing at their brazen attacks upon young men whose reasons for withholding they knew nothing about.

It is so easy to suspect a man of cowardice because he does not take the only decisive step to disprove it. It is the way of women to do the easy thing, and in England they have done it with a vengeance. Who shall count the young men who have died on the field of battle, not necessarily as heroes, because they were pricked to the point by some foolish woman's sneer? The white-feather incidents, with the mental torment they involve, rank well with atrocities. The young man who ponders on the threshold of the recruiting office and asks himself whether the generic womanhood of England is worth dying or even fighting for is not engaged in idle musing.

Naturally, men are the protectors of women; but they will not

be an intelligently efficient bulwark if they have to be placed in position by those they defend, and any woman who thinks she has added a soldier to the army by a caustic tongue labors under a delusion. She has merely helped to contribute a recruit, and not a promising one.

Of course the reaction is setting in. The first fact of man-scarcity brought it along. It is the most impressive economic lack in a country over-run with women, and somewhat by them. Then the woman's reading of the war is changing. As the mother of a Victoria Cross hero, Mrs. Belchern, told the writer, "We're sending the men out to slaughter." English women are by no means prone to panic. They have the steadiness of their race and the self-satisfied heritage. But it may be a case of the garments of conscience fitting tight, and hurting at the joints. The pseudo-Spartan attitude is mollified. The women now generally agree that it is the duty of the Government to decide whether or not a man shall go.

Yet the white-feather will not be readily forgotten by the men of England when they return from the wars; more vividly will it be remembered by the chronic shirkers who decline to go without assisted passages. No, the part played by the women of London and England (there are many noble, brave-souled, silent exceptions from the song-singing, badgering crowd) will not be a palatable argument for equal rights when peace returns.

JOHN B. KENNEDY.

### COMMUNICATIONS

*Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.*

#### Rational Athletics

*To the Editor of AMERICA:*

In many of the articles on athletics appearing in AMERICA and in other periodicals there has been a deal of hazy thinking, due largely to a careless use of words. For instance, "competitive athletics" is a misnomer. If you will take down the old Greek dictionary and look up *athlesia*, you will find that athletics is essentially a *contest*. That is the secret of its popularity. It is as natural for a real live boy to want to compete with his fellows as it is for him to breathe. The faculties of our schools and colleges have failed, however, to realize the importance of this instinct for competition. Instead of seizing on it and making it count for all it is worth in the development of intellect, will, and body, they have allowed athletics to fall into the hands of the boys themselves, of graduate advisers, and professional coaches, all relatively irresponsible people.

Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, Professor of Physical Training at the University of Pennsylvania, has summed up the case against school and college athletics under four heads: (1) Specialization, the tendency to train for one event only in order to excel in that rather than to train for all-around development and health; (2) Commercialism, the tendency toward a win-at-any-price policy, because the reputation and the livelihood of the professional coach depend on his turning out a winning team; (3) Exploitation of the individual, the tendency to lionize the star athlete, and, incidentally, to depreciate the real student; (4) Over-training the few, to the neglect of the many. Of these charges, the most serious, to my mind, is the last, the neglect of the many. Dr. Wingert, of Ohio State University, reports that, while over a million dollars a year are spent on college athletics alone in this country, only 16.4 per cent. of all college students take any active part in the sports. The others sit in the grandstand and look on. The coaches will have nothing to do with them, because they are not good "varsity" material.

And what is the remedy? Surely not to abolish athletics;

nor, on the other hand, to try to correct this, that, or the other evil by more stringent rules, by closer supervision, or by talk about "higher ideals." The remedy is to get that crowd down out of the grandstand on the field; to find out what games they would like to play, in what contests they would like to take part, and give them a chance. That is all they need, a chance. Substitute "extensive athletics" for the present "intensive" style and then watch for results. But do not, under any circumstances, introduce "compulsory athletics." This is a term to make one's hair curl. Imagine being *compelled* to take part in a game. That must be as joyful as a tenderfoot's dancing to the popping of a playful cowboy's gun.

Let the faculty adopt this step-child of the schools, and make it a full-fledged member of the family. Let them take charge of athletics and make them the basis of physical training for all students. Let the students select, if you will, certain groups of exercises, making for all-around development. Put up some prizes for individual and inter-class contests, and see what healthy boys and girls will do. Let the coach's salary depend on the number of boys he can train to play one or two games at least fairly well, and to give a good account of themselves in a pentathlon of track and field events. As I said before, do not make athletics compulsory. Make them interesting. Give everybody a chance. Award a little token, like the "Bronze Button" of the Public Schools Athletic League, to every boy or girl who attains a certain reasonable standard of all-around excellence, and you will have a rational system of athletics that will wipe out, at one fell swoop, "specialization, commercialism, exploitation, and the neglect of the many." Can this be done? The best answer is that there is one school where it is being done, and done so successfully that Drs. Sargent of Harvard, Anderson of Yale, Crampton of New York, Wood of Columbia, Storey of the City College, Raycroft of Princeton, McKenzie of Pennsylvania, Burdick of Baltimore, Savage of Oberlin, and others, all have expressed the hope that "the good work will be taken up by other schools."

New York.

FREDERICK J. REILLY.

#### The Morality of Woman Suffrage

*To the Editor of AMERICA:*

There is a distinction between the suffragette and the suffragist. Your suffragette is a Feminist; not so your suffragist. Your suffragette is she who is aiming at "the emancipation of woman"; your suffragist is looking merely to a share in the government of the country. The distinction turns wholly on that catch-phrase, "the emancipation of woman." Someone has said that the phrase is meaningless; but this is not true. It signifies merely that woman no longer recognizes the unity of Christian marriage. It is for this that the suffragette or Feminist stands. And this, of course, right reason and the Catholic Faith condemn. The aim of the suffragist is to get a share in the government of the country, to stand on a political footing of equality with men. Such an aim would, at first sight, appear to be only political and, as such, justifiable. Miss Mary E. Rodgers, in AMERICA for September 25, says that "any one with only a superficial knowledge of the subject cannot but see that it is a moral issue too." And such it is, emphatically, but in a different sense from that in which Miss Rodgers understands it. And because it is a moral issue woman suffrage must stand condemned.

Woman's primary duty, ordained by God, is the bearing of children and the caring for them during their tender years. Of course I am speaking here of the average woman, the married woman. Even Miss Sara McPike, ardent suffragist



as she is, owns that "the chief mission of a woman must ever be the perpetuation of the race." This being so, any activity which directly interferes with these primary duties is morally wrong.

Will woman suffrage directly interfere with the two-fold duty of woman? This depends upon what you mean by woman suffrage. If you mean mere votes, then I answer, obviously, no. But if you mean what the suffragists themselves mean, namely, political equality in every sense, then I answer, obviously, yes. For political equality means not only that women will share equally with men the rights and duties, the privileges and burdens of citizenship in the strict sense, but also that they will be governors, legislators, judges, congresswomen, senators and presidents; and the activities involved in such offices are, I claim, incompatible with the two-fold duty of a Christian wife. For her growing family will occupy all her time until she is far on in years; so that ordinarily she will not be free to give her undivided mind to political life until she is a grandmother. Miss Rodgers, as a matter of fact, admits that "most of the active workers are grandmothers," stating that "women whose children are of an age to require their whole attention are not needed in this work," and she might have added that they cannot in conscience engage in it. Grandmothers, therefore, and they alone, are morally free to enter upon political life. For public offices grandmothers will have, I suppose, a large stock of goodwill and a fairly active mind; but experience, large experience of men and things, are chief requisites in any candidate for public office. Would it be fitting to install in the governmental chair a sweet-faced old lady fresh from the tender intimacies of home, innocent of any knowledge of the ways of politicians? I do not altogether deny experience to these good grandams. They have had experience aplenty, but not the kind that fits one for public activity. If, therefore, grandmothers, from motives of expediency, are to be denied the suffrage, and mothers also, from motives of morality, what becomes of woman suffrage?

Chicago.

MARK S. GROSS.

#### A Word to Mr. Chesterton

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In his article "American Religions," in AMERICA for September 25, 1915, our distinguished friend Mr. Cecil Chesterton refers to a song heard in America last year, whose popularity, to him, indicates that the doctrine of pacifism is not only popular but, what is more disquieting, is taken for granted by the American people at large.

To my knowledge two other English writers besides Mr. Chesterton, and no doubt others of whom I do not know, have taken this song more seriously than it deserves, as indicative of a certain sentiment in the hearts of the American people. The lilting melody of "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" was boldly taken from a Gaelic war song and, with a lack of humor equaled only by the "composer's" lack of scruple, joined to words which would make a Gaelic warrior turn over in his grave on the battlefield. O, shade of Thomas Moore and his "Minstrel Boy"! This song was vastly popular in New York, but no one except an innocent foreigner takes New York to be American. The Semitic song-writer just now revels in songs of "peace at any price," in which he is quite consistent, as his forbears have been conspicuous for business acumen rather than for martial glory, but it is hardly fair to assume that this is the spirit of the American people.

In bravery and the spirit of self-sacrifice, the American woman has none to surpass her in the history of any country. From our earliest Colonial wars to the present time the American mother, and the same is true of the American

wife and sweetheart, has cheerfully sent forth her dearest, smiling through her tears. It was her spirit that conquered the wilderness, overcame tyranny, preserved the Union, and will in the future have to uphold the ideals which were won at cost of blood and struggle. Please, therefore, Mr. Chesterton, do not judge of American war spirit by Semitic songs. Brooklyn. M. G. M.

#### Diocesan-owned Newspapers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The reason for the existence of the Catholic press is to promote the interests of the Catholic Church. This should be kept in mind in every criticism of the Catholic press. The individuals who are devoting their lives to this heart-breaking, back-breaking missionary work are giving the best that is in them to the cause of Catholic journalism. Let us be reasonable. When a man is doing his best and his best is not good enough, it is time for a change.

If each diocese owned its newspaper, that would mean cooperation, which is the one thing necessary and the one thing lacking in the Catholic paper of today. If the bishops instructed the priests to circulate the diocesan paper, and the priests instructed their congregations to subscribe for it, and families read it as a matter of duty, the Catholic press of America would be one of the wonders of the world, because with such support it could move mountains. Any bishop could force the local Catholic paper into every home in his diocese, by assessment, if necessary. And why should not this step be taken if, as is admitted, the Catholic paper should be in every home? Under such circumstances it would pay, and there would not be the present struggle to meet bills. Why should not the Catholic weekly be owned and operated, or at least subsidized, by the diocese in which it circulates?

Cleveland.

WILLIAM A. MCKEARNEY.

#### Catholic Booking Bureau

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Why has not the Catholic Booking Bureau excited wider interest? Certainly it would be of extreme service to both entertainer and entertained. At present, Catholic entertainers find it difficult to get in touch with Catholic clubs, colleges, and academies. And yet all of these, and especially the academies, if they have any vitality at all, often employ the services of lecturers and readers and musicians. Entertainment is an essential part of every Catholic club's life, and it has come to be an important feature of every boarding school and college as well. There is, besides, a large field in these clubs and educational institutions for lecturers on Catholic subjects. The clubs and institutions are forced to depend largely on general lyceum bureaus, where their chances of securing good talent are, to say the least, dubious. Sisters especially must have extreme difficulty in finding lecturers that conform to their necessarily exacting tastes. On the other hand, many clever Catholics, who would meet the needs of clubs and schools like these, remain almost unknown outside of an immediate circle of acquaintances. If there were a central Catholic Booking Bureau, it would be possible for these entertainers and lecturers to exercise their talents under congenial and elevating conditions. Systematic courses of lectures on Catholic subjects could be easily obtained. For Catholic men and women would prepare for such work, if they were sure of an opening. Finally, the entertainments secured through such a bureau would be certain to meet the high requirements of wholesomeness that should be demanded by every Catholic club or institution.

St. Louis.

GEORGE A. DOUGLAS.

# A M E R I C A

## A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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### A Query and an Answer

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Please let me know, at the earliest opportunity, what the attitude of Catholics is toward the official recognition by the United States of the Presidency of any leader of the Mexican revolution.

New York.

L. E. Y.

THE recent decision of the Pan-American conference makes this request very pertinent. The answer is simple, for the attitude of American Catholics who are interested in Mexico is entirely clear and reasonable. They are not in any way concerned with that nation's purely internal affairs, whether these be political, economic or religious. As citizens of this country they are, however, concerned with the attitude of our Government toward Mexico. Such interest is at once their duty and their privilege, for this is a democracy, and since Catholics are true democrats they are unwilling to see the United States committed to a course of action that would appear not only to condone tyranny and excessive brutality, but also to support both. Our Government stands sponsor for the Mexican revolutionists before the world; and the Mexican revolutionists have been tyrannous and brutal. By decrees and other acts they have interfered with worship in a most meticulous way, they have attacked God and religion, they have committed excesses that shock every man whose sense of decency has not been destroyed. They have defiled churches, sacred vessels, vestments and the Blessed Sacrament; they have tortured some priests and murdered others; they have killed two Christian Brothers, and as for their treatment of Sisters, it cannot be described. In short, allowing for all exaggerations, it is safe to say that the Mexican revolutionists have written a new chapter in the history of tyranny and brutality. And though

not long since Carranza taunted Villa on account of some of these deeds, yet not one of them has been repudiated. Indeed, the ideals that prompted them have been exalted in speech and writing. This is not democracy, it is not even civilization, and to give official recognition to men who stand for such acts is to commit the country to a policy that the Nation has repudiated time and again. In fact our Nation is a protest against just such a policy. This is the opinion of Catholics, and at one time at least, our Government true to the traditional policy held exactly the same views.

### A Slaughtered Nation

THE world is dripping with blood; man is slaughtering man with a ferocity that has scarcely ever been equaled. Europe is a great charnel house through which war lords stride, all red with the blood of victims. This is the product of a brutal, demoniacal war that is disgracing not Christianity only, but civilization itself.

That is bad enough, God knows, but there is something worse. A whole nation, not of warriors able to give and take and die like men, but of women and girls and small boys, is in the shambles, and their conquerors, who are lustful demons, without the courage of manhood or the pity of human beings, are ruthlessly cutting them down. Mohammedans murder Christians. Armenian blood is flowing in rivers, and the Turk is rejoicing. He is swarming through town and village gathering together women and children, herding them like cattle, and slaughtering them. Not all, however, for the maidens and young girls are meeting the fate the Turk always prepares for a "Christian dog," if the Christian has the added misfortune of being a woman.

Was there ever a more atrocious deed? Armenian husbands, fathers and grown-up brothers hastened to the Turkish standard at the call of their sovereign, leaving wives, daughters, sisters safe, as they thought, in peaceful villages. Then the unspeakable Turk, drunk with animal passion—Note his gratitude, his chivalry, his humanity!—repaid the loyalty of Armenian husbands, fathers and brothers by swooping down upon their wives, daughters, sisters and little sons. They drove the victims off, corralled them, sabered them, shot them, drowned them; all except maidens and little girls. Their fate can be imagined; for the Turk is always the Turk. And now he gloats over the shedding of Christian blood, and revels in lust. But the cries of innocent, unprotected women and children have gone surging up to heaven in great waves to strike against the throne of the Father of Justice and surge back again freighted with His curse on the arms of a nation which called husbands and fathers and grown-up brothers to war and then slaughtered their defenseless women and children.

God will be avenged! The day of retribution will come. The Turks have slain the lambs of Christ's flock,



and worse still, have defiled the temples of the Holy Ghost. God will surely arise in His wrath and smite the wretched Turk, and in that day the world will see what punishment He can inflict upon those who slaughter the innocent and defile womanhood and childhood.

### A Divorce Record

THE United States is fast establishing an unenviable divorce record. When Justice Newburger took his seat at the opening of the present fall in special term, part three, of the Supreme Court, he was faced by a calendar of 193 undefended divorce cases. He was to be the patient listener to history after history of domestic discontent. The evidence in all these cases was upon one side only, the other party not caring to make any defense, or even to urge the slightest opposition to breaking one of the most sacred of human ties. The plaintiffs represented no particular race or nationality, as the cosmopolitan list of names offered the Court indicated. The evil so brazenly exhibited to the world, and already so common that it hardly evokes more than a cynical smile, may be said to be typically American. The radical Feminist and the Socialist glory in it; the rationalistic press defends or excuses it, and scarcely anybody denounces it.

Yet this evil is gnawing at the very heart of Society, and unless something is done to check its ravages, the State will suffer irremediable harm. And there is but one thing to be done: educate the children in the principles of morality and religion. In this is our only salvation.

A democracy is founded on the wills of the people; it is firm with the firmness of those wills, weak with their weakness, pure with their purity, corrupt with their corruption. Hence the necessity of strong characters unflinchingly devoted to uprightness. But our numerous divorces bespeak a widespread lack of just such characters. In one place, there is one divorce to every six marriages; in another, one to every twelve marriages; the story is the same everywhere. In view of such conditions, it is pitiable indeed to hear so much clamor for "adequate defense" and not a word about the regeneration of national morality. Defense from external foes is necessary; protection from domestic enemies is no less necessary. Thew and sinew and cannon and bayonet are useless, if souls are corrupt. Physical strength and instruments of war may beat off the foreign foe but neither will save a nation from a nation's vices, the most dangerous of all disintegrating elements. Safety from them comes from the individual will. Such the lesson of reason and history. America has not learned that lesson, however, or else has forgotten it. We are a boastful, swaggering people, devoted excessively to self and to selfish interests, which unfortunately only too often take the form of gross pleasures that eventually lead to the divorce court. A change must come: if it

does not come spontaneously from out our souls, history will repeat itself once again and the whip of God will recoil from our backs, and sorrow and suffering will cause us to bend our proud heads in reflection, and force us to give thought to ways and means of bringing up our children in the love of God.

### "Creed Consciousness"

NO change can be introduced into the institutions of a great city without evoking a bewildering expression of opinion. The Wirt system, lately introduced into Greater New York, has been no exception. Last week we recorded the fact that the perennial cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" the wolf being, as usual, the Pope, had been raised in the public press, although the Catholic Church had only an academic interest in the proposed scheme. The latest protest against allowing the children of the public schools to receive religious instruction according to their different beliefs has been raised in the name of democracy.

A Brooklyn rabbi objects to the proposal on the grounds that it will stir into activity a thing which, according to him, "We ought to be anxious to have dormant until the arrival of manhood and womanhood." This sleeping menace to the "spirit of democracy" is, in the excellent phrase of the gentleman, nothing less than "creed consciousness." He calls attention to the "needless distinctions" which religious segregation will awaken, and is pathetically concerned for the feelings of the "ethical culturist, and the agnostic, or even the lonely atheist." We confess that we do not share the rabbi's sympathy for the loneliness of those whose profession of disbelief is a revolt, conscious or not, against the most fundamental of Divine rights. How he, whose cloth proclaims his life-work to be that of making God's existence and God's claims known, can wish to perpetuate an attitude of mind which promotes ignorance of all that concerns God, passes our understanding.

This, however, is a personal matter; it is on the larger issue that we take exception to his statement. He deplores "creed consciousness" in the young. The Catholic Church, on the contrary, believes in it. To take no other ground than elementary psychology, she is convinced that without it there will be no religious observance, little consistent morality. Action springs from thought. Ideals determine conduct. Men will not ordinarily conform to moral standards unless they are conscious of them; and for most adults such standards are conscious factors of control, only when they have been built up in youth on definite teaching concerning man's relation to God, to himself, to his neighbor and to his country. Vague principles of morality, ethics identified with culture, are at best a haphazard sort of thing, extremely disappointing on the whole, and in time of temptation shifting and unstable. The isolated facts to the contrary are sporadic in occurrence, and leave untouched

the general proposition that natural goodness, if it is to be relied upon, must be supplemented by clear instruction on the rational and revealed truths on which religious, and therefore civic, duties are based.

The Catholic Church stands for the democracy that was contemplated in the Declaration of Independence, a democracy therefore that is built on "the Laws of Nature and Nature's God." With the framers of that document she places her "reliance on the protection of Divine Providence." It is her conviction that citizens will observe those laws and merit that protection, only if they are trained to recognize them. She has besides a deep distrust of any instruction that does not lead to "creed consciousness." Conduct that will enable our people to enjoy the blessings of liberty, promised by the Constitution, can be secured only by inculcating clear, accurate and vivid principles of action, which spring from the knowledge, love and fear of God; and such instruction cannot be given without resulting in "creed consciousness." Moreover, the Church is of the opinion that it is fatal to delay this instruction till the years of maturity. Individuals may succeed in acquiring such principles after reaching the years of manhood and womanhood, but the religious convictions of a nation, if they are to be acquired at all, must be acquired when her children are susceptible and plastic.

### The Tainted Stream

UNDER the conservation laws of the State of New York, chemicals and other materials may not be discharged into river-courses in such quantities as to destroy the fish or injure the health of those persons who use the water of the streams. A few weeks ago, a corporation in Western New York was fined \$250.00 for violating the law. And the mere suspicion that the waters of Mohansic Lake, part of the water-supply of our city, might possibly come to be contaminated from the drainage of a near-by sanitarium, has aroused just fears and protests. Too much care cannot be exercised when the health, perhaps the lives, of thousands may be endangered. The State's Conservation Commission should be fearless in enforcing the laws which safeguard in so vital a matter the physical welfare of our people.

But there is a deadlier contamination than that of our inland fisheries or the waters of Mohansic Lake. A poisoned stream of immoral literature is flooding the country. Before it, the restraining dikes of decency and self-respect seem to have broken down. Its deadly ooze seeps into the millionaire's mansion and the poor man's home. That stream carries diseases more terrible than the typhus or the bubonic plague. The germs it bears do not attack the "royal tissues" of mere physical life, the heart, or the lungs, but man's nobler faculties, his mind, his soul. In the child they wither the flower of innocence; they blight the lilies of modesty and purity. They stain the visions and ideals of youth and atrophy

the strength and courage which is manhood's dower. The stream must be checked or it will sap the very bulwarks of our national life. Legislators wisely "conserve" the waters of our streams, officials watch over such homely yet necessary articles as the milk, fruit and meat supply of our cities. Is legislation doing enough to protect our citizens against the stygian waters of corruption of an infidel and immoral literature, of pornographic novels, of plays, the very names of which flaunted on our billboards, make an honest man clench his fists with indignation, and a good woman blush for shame? Is the law punishing with just severity the panders of evil in high places, the purveyors of these scented, but death-dealing waters? Some pure hands, some noble and generous hearts are attempting the truly herculean task of draining and choking off this poisoned tide. God's blessing will surely follow them in their labors, for they are doing His work. The true-hearted American, the real and genuine Christian and Catholic can have no better watchword and program for his fellows than this: "Watch the tainted stream! Death lurks there! Close your house and your heart to the rising tide of an immoral, unchristian literature and press." Those who by voice or pen or leadership are in some way the guides of the people must imitate the great Hebrew prophet. When Moses and his people came to the waters of Mara, they could not drink them because they were bitter. By God's command Moses cast the wood of a miraculous tree upon their surface and the waters were sweetened. If the bitter flood we have described is to be sweetened we have the talisman and the antidote, the life-giving doctrines of Him who died upon the "Tree." Carried to every home they would change the deadly stream into fountains of living water for the strengthening and healing of the nation.

### "Self-Realization"

IN an excellent paper contributed to the October *Atlantic Monthly* on "The Extirpation of Culture" that is now threatening our age and country, Katherine Fullerton Gerould assigns as the chief cause of this state of things the fact that materialism is seizing hold of all classes, and that "science" is the great object of popular idolatry. "We have become materialistic," she writes. "Our very virtues are more materialistic than they were," and science "has challenged the supereminence of religion; it has turned all philosophy out of doors except that which clings to its skirts; it has thrown contempt on all learning that does not depend on it; and it has bribed the sketches by giving us immense material comforts." Enlarging on the subject, the writer then observes:

Ours is a commercial age, in which most people are bent on getting money. That is a platitude. It is also, intellectually speaking, a materialistic age, when most of our intellectual power is given either to prophylaxis or to industrial chemistry, or to the invention of physical conveniences—all ultimately concerned with the body. Even the philanthropists deal with the



soul through the body, and Christianity has long since become "muscular." How, in such an age, can culture flourish—culture, which cares even more about the spirit than about the flesh? It was pointed out not long ago, in an *Atlantic* article, that many of our greatest minds have dwelt in bodies that the eugenists would have legislated out of existence. Many of the greatest saints found sainthood precisely in denying the power of the ailing flesh to restrict the soul. There is more in the great mystics than psychiatry will ever account for.

Well said! AMERICA, of course, has long been insisting in season and out, on these very truths. But it is gratifying to find them so forcibly expressed in a secular magazine like the *Atlantic Monthly*. Asceticism and mortification are in bad repute just now in many quarters. They are considered "irrational restraints on the due development of the individual." Suffering is reckoned an unmitigated evil, for its disciplinary worth is nil, and its supposed expiatory value a superstition. The age clamors for unrestrained freedom. "Self-realization" is the slogan of the day. The observance of the Ten Commandments becomes an insupportable burden to the person who maintains he "must strive to develop every capacity nature has given him." Men and women, as the cant phrase has it, "must live their own lives."

"Self-realization" indeed, threatens to become as tiresome a word as "service," "uplift" or "efficiency." Nowadays everybody, apparently, is striving to "realize himself," or more commonly "herself" as never before. Success in doing so is in certain cases considered highly praiseworthy, but in others quite the reverse. If a scientist loses his health seeking the solution of one of nature's mysteries, if an artist starves in a garret till he has achieved a masterpiece, if a young woman gives ten years of her life to rigorous training for the operatic stage, the self-realization they thus attain at the cost of sacrifice can never be admired enough. But should a man's eagerness for self-realization of the highest kind lead him to embrace a life of prayer and mortification, many consider him a medieval fanatic; or should a woman's passion for lofty self-realization make her leave the world and enter the cloister, her "selfish folly" is widely deplored. If a wealthy wife's desire for self-realization finally brings her into the divorce court, sympathetic apologists for her action will not be wanting. But should her humbler sister find ample self-realization in being the joyful mother of many children, the neo-Malthusians set up a wail of protest. Self-realization seems to be wholly admirable only when worldly honor, vast wealth or material comforts are its rewards. But when love for God's law or zeal for His glory are its motives, numerous moderns, strange to say, find self-realization quite contemptible.

## LITERATURE

### XI.—Agnes Repplier

TO take to ourselves the distinction of being the most faddish of all times might be to challenge the pretensions of some other age. Be that as it may, our world is certainly smothered

in fads. Some of them are cut out of the whole cloth of foolishness, and some of them are garments of motley built up around a patch of common sense. "Sin is nothing but a mistake, and it proceeds from ignorance" is a quotation from a late book on morality. Crime is only an adenoid, and murderers and thieves need doctors instead of gaolers. Marriage, according to the best traditions of our kind, is out of date. Education was once work, because it was intended to prepare for life, which is work, but now, while it is still intended to prepare for life, education is play, and the child will take up the toil of life quite unfit for the struggle. All this would be alarming if it were merely sporadic, but what makes it desperate is that it is epidemic. Magazines, papers, books, and pamphlets in increasing numbers are carrying the infection. Writers who ought to have more sense, and writers whose lack of sense saves them from the blame which falls on their readers, are spreading the disease.

There are writers who have not been swept off their feet by the waters of absurdity. Through the dust, which is being thrown in their eyes so liberally, these writers see clearly and proclaim boldly the eternal truth of things. It is not every one who does see through this nonsense. Not every one, who does see through it, is candid and brave enough to expose the fraud. To do so does not assure one of a place among the classics, but it is certainly a long step in that direction. Agnes Repplier's strongest claim to literary distinction is probably her clear understanding of, and her fearless attack on fads, follies and fancies. To see life clearly and to see it whole and, more than this, to express it, as one sees it, is a gift of the great, and one to which in modesty she may not, but to which in justice she can lay claim.

Take an example. It is from a rather recent contribution of hers. It is an incisive criticism of the "Repeal of Reticence." It is not one-sided. It is liberal. It admits the modicum of truth in a movement which has gone mad. "Few of us would care to see the rising generation as uninstructed in natural laws as we were, as adrift amid the unintelligible or partly intelligible things of life. But surely the breaking of silence need not imply the opening of the flood-gates of speech."

At the same time the whimsies, the absurdities, the hysteria of sex-hygienists are flayed unmercifully. All through the flagellation, however, with the inborn instinct of common sense one can feel that the whip is in the hands of truth, and that the strokes are falling where they should, and not more heavily than they should and that if any flesh is torn away, it is the skin of falsehood.

"What is this topic," he [Dr. Keyes] asks, "that all these little ones are questioning over, mulling over, fidgeting over, imagining over, worrying over? Ask your own memories." I do not ask my memory in vain for the answer. Dr. Keyes anticipates. A child's life is full, and everything that enters it is of supreme importance. I fidgeted over my hair which would not curl. I worried over my examples which never came out right. I mulled (though unacquainted with the word) over every piece of sewing put into my incapable fingers which would not be trained to hold a needle. I imagined I was stolen by brigands and became—by virtue of beauty and intelligence—spouse of a patriotic outlaw in a frontierless land. I asked artless questions which brought me into discredit with my teachers, as for example, who "massacred" St. Bartholomew? But vital facts, the great laws of propagation were matters of but casual concern, crowded out of my life, and out of my companions' lives (in a convent boarding school) by the more stirring happenings of every day.

The spirit of truth which evidences itself in this passage can be found in all that Agnes Repplier has written. Examine any of the growing number of volumes that bear her name, and you find the same clearness of insight, the same disregard for passing freaks and fancies, the same unmasking of pretense and falsehood, the same fearless contempt for anything but

truth. This, more than anything else, is what makes Agnes Repplier delightful reading. This spirit of truth is the core of literature, and that is why we like it. But in the essays of Agnes Repplier there is more than the core of truth. There is the fullness of the fruit. She has told us somewhere that when she was a young girl she was let loose in an old library and allowed to browse at will "upon that fair and wholesome pasturage." As she herself has reminded us, Charles Lamb said, "Had I twenty girls they should be brought up exactly in this fashion," and if the results were always the same as in the case of Agnes Repplier it would certainly be the ideal literary training for young ladies. She browsed and she absorbed. Her essays simply teem with quotations. Her topics vary widely, but her supply of confirmation from other authors never fails. The citations come easily and fit aptly.

According to one reader, she quotes so freely that it is hard to know what is her own and what is another's. But this is an exaggeration. Her composition is not a mere mosaic of other people's thought and words. She speaks in her own person and her speech is altogether distinctive. There is grace and delicacy where these are in place, but mostly there is piquancy of attack which is saved from bitterness by a kindly humor. Some might call her virile, but it is likely that she would resent the epithet. She wants to be a woman. She even insists on being a woman who was trained in an old-fashioned convent school. She believes that a woman can be strong without being a man; that there are "valiant women." There are, and their womanliness is greater strength than any manishness which others may assume. This is an eternal truth which we like to call plain American common sense. We like Agnes Repplier for her American sense, as we like her for her American methods. Of course an American will not write as will an Englishman; not if what the American writes be literature. Literature is personal with the personality of nations as well as of individuals. Our American life runs on so fast that we have no time to pause in order to unravel the tangled skeins of devious sentences. American writers must be pellucidly clear. Agnes Repplier is. American life is tense, stirring, bustling. Our writers must beat time with our nerves. They must be brisk, racy, "snappy." Agnes Repplier is.

She is distinctly American. Some years ago a critic named her as one of the two foremost American essayists, the other being Hamilton Wright Mabie. To be keen in perceiving the truth and fearless in expressing it are among the best of our American traditions. Truth and fearlessness are qualities of sincerity, and sincerity is an essential of enduring literature. In the preface to "A Happy Half-Century," Miss Repplier says: "A hundred years ago many men and women were reckoned of importance, at whose claims their successors today smile scornfully." And the prime reason for a reversal of judgment on these men and women of a hundred years ago is their artificiality. Prophets and sons of prophets are rare in these skeptical days of ours, but it needs not the powers of the seer to foretell that one hundred years from now, whatever be the judgment passed on Agnes Repplier, her honor in letters will not be denied because of a lack of sincerity.

JOHN P. McNICHOLS, S.J.

#### REVIEWS

**The "Incendium Amoris."** By RICHARD ROLLE, of Hampole. Edited by MARGARET DEANESLY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.25.

The "Incendium Amoris" or "Flame of Love" by Richard Rolle, the fourteenth-century English mystic, is generally believed to be the last of his writings. There are in existence some twenty-six manuscript versions of the "Incendium," and the present edition, which forms volume twenty-six in the His-

torical Series, issued under the auspices of the University of Manchester, is collated from the manuscripts.

As a guide to the interior life and a discourse upon mystical contemplation the Latin text has a value in its relation to the store of ascetical literature; and, naturally, this is the first interest it would have for priests and religious. It is, however, hardly the purpose the editor appears to have in view, which would seem to be the study of the "Incendium" as a document of equal interest with the Middle-English writings of Richard Rolle. As a volume intended for students of literary texts, rather than as a pious treatise, it may be worth while to make some consideration of the introductory matter.

It would be interesting, for instance, to learn upon what grounds the editor of this volume, in her preface, asserts that a suspicion of heresy has been attached to Rolle's works. There is, of course, no disguising the fact that the Church has had frequent occasion to submit to a rigid censorship the writings of mystics, notably in the cases of Molinos, of Madame Guyon, and also of the Port Royalists. That this suspicion, if there were such, was attached to Richard Rolle on account of his so-called denunciation of scholastic teaching, and his advocacy of an original mode of life bound by no religious vows, is a position which will require some defense on the part of Miss Deanesly. That the soul of Rolle, drawn to the life of mystical contemplation, should have felt repelled by intellectual subtleties is perfectly feasible: that he was antagonistic to scholastic teaching is as absurd as saying that he was antagonistic to Catholic theology. After all, it must be remembered that the special gift of the Catholic mystic is a gift of Divine illumination, whereby the soul, by an immediate intuition and not by a logical process, attains to knowledge of the mysteries of God. And here at once is the privilege and the danger of the mystic's vocation.

As to whether Richard Rolle ever fell under suspicion on account of his "original mode of life, bound by no religious vows," there is this to be said: The difference between the anker, or enclosed solitary, and the hermit, who was usually free from any vows and at liberty to dwell where he chose, was clearly understood and provided for in ecclesiastical legislation. Therefore, the fact that he was a hermit and somewhat unrestricted in his movements had nothing whatever to do with his being in regular standing. For the rest, the introduction to the volume contains an interesting account of the foundation of the Abbey of Syon, with the Latin text of the Supplication of Henry V for its foundation, and the Bull of Martin V confirming the same.

H. C. W.

**The Story of Yone Noguchi.** Told by Himself. Illustrated by YOSHIO MARKINO. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. \$1.50.

**From the Shelf.** By PAXTON HOLGAR. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

**Incense and Iconoclasm.** Studies in Literature. By CHARLES LEONARD MOORE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Lovers of literature who long for a respite from war books and problem novels will enjoy these three volumes of essays. Mr. Noguchi's twelve papers, which are for the most part biographical in character, are the story and the proof of how perfectly this Japanese has mastered the English tongue. Indeed his "works" number four volumes, and his verses with their Oriental aroma were nearly as much discussed some years ago as Tagore's are now. Very entertaining is the author's account of his eagerness to acquire our language and of the sacrifices the conquest cost him. The Japanese teacher of English, he tells us, was quite satisfactory to the boys of Tsuchima school until the day an American missionary called and tried in vain to make the instructor under-



stand him. Coming to San Francisco in 1893, at the age of eighteen, the author began a variegated career as dishwasher, editor, and literary vagrant. He sat for four years at Joaquin Miller's feet, read English and American poets ravenously, published his verses, and ended by becoming the literary lion of New York and London. The latter city he liked, but his admiration for our American cities, particularly for Chicago, is quite restrained. There are interesting chapters on the religious and domestic life of the Japanese, and the volume ends with an affectionate tribute to his friend Charles Warren Stoddard, who used to remind Mr. Noguchi "of the Abbé Constantin in the novel of Halévy. (What a dear book that is!)" Mr. Markino furnishes the volume with some beautiful pictures in color.

The second book is a description of what Mr. Holgar saw and experienced "From the Shelf" he made for himself on a little-known island off the southern coast of Spain. Tired of London's turmoil, he leases for a year an abandoned monastery near San Telmo, and observes what innocent and joyful lives the Catholic natives of the island lead. The book would gain by compression, for the author prosed considerably about trifles, and the chapter in which he takes great credit to himself for not running off with another man's wife could well be spared. But his attitude toward the islanders is intelligent and sympathetic as he describes their local customs and sketches the characters of the men and women he met.

The three dozen short literary essays in Mr. Moore's book appeared originally in the Chicago *Dial* and cover a wide range of subjects. He has keen literary discernment and gives his critical verdicts boldly. He well says of the New Englanders, for instance:

They stood shoulder to shoulder and cried each other up. Like Molière's learned ladies, they decided that no one should have any wit but themselves and their friends. Scattered over our country, they took with them wherever they went the totems of their tribe, and set them up to be worshiped by the outer barbarians.

Essays like "The Hunger Motive in Fiction," "Originality in Literature," and "The Weather in Literature" show how well-read the author is, and the paper on Bryant is a good example of his constructive criticism. That Goethe "used his liberty nobly," however, and that "Christianity has an enormous mythology of spiritual and demoniac powers" are statements that certainly need to be qualified, and Mr. Moore will doubtless be glad to learn that Mass is not "performed," but offered, said, or celebrated.

W. D.

**Problems of Boyhood.** A Course in Ethics for Boys of High-School Age. By FRANKLIN WINSLOW JOHNSON. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. \$1.00.

**The Religious Education of the Child.** By ROBERT R. RUSK. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. \$0.50.

**The Wayward Child.** A Study of the Causes of Crime. By HANNAH KENT SCHOFF. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.00.

The first two volumes smell of the lamp; they read as if written by arm-chair philosophers. With the best of motives, no doubt, Mr. Johnson has laboriously constructed a system of ethics on the basis of religious indifferentism. Religion is largely a matter of custom, he thinks; one's belief "depends in great degree upon the religious belief of his parents"; but after all, "religion is fundamentally a personal matter, and as such is not concerned with matters of creed or form of worship, but is rather a matter of personal experience." Dr. Rusk, writing of education and religion, gives no assurance that he cares to assign a definite meaning to either term. "Religion is not instinctive," he asserts, but its psychological

bases "are found in instincts which are elementary," the chief of which are fear, anger, self-abasement, self-assertion, subjective and elation. Dr. Rusk also quotes with approbation, one Dr. Starbuck who, after reading Wordsworth, Keats, and Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," discovered that religion "is not identical with any Church." Decidedly, Messrs. Johnson and Rusk have dugged us useless cisterns.

It is a pleasure to recommend Mrs. Schoff's study; sane, kindly, practical and Christian, it forms one of the best books ever written on the subject of juvenile delinquency. It is based upon a questionnaire to which 2,000 answers were received from inmates in fifteen prisons; but Mrs. Schoff has also given much time to a practical study of the question in the school, the juvenile court, and other preventive and remedial agencies. She finds that the starting point of the greater part of youthful waywardness is the careless, broken or immoral home, and while not undervaluing natural means in the prevention and cure of delinquency, Mrs. Schoff clearly recognizes that the true remedy can be found only in supernatural religion.

To put into the hearts of those who have stumbled, a living belief in God whose laws are the only safe guide, and who is always ready to help those who look to Him, is to give the true compass for right living. Only those who live what they teach can touch the hearts of others, and with the Bread of Life they must give loving-kindness, sympathy and patience.

These lines give a glimpse into a world to which modern exponents of pagan sociology are utterly blind. God alone can save His wrecked images; and only they can go down into the depths of human depravity with safety to themselves and profit to others, whose labors are prompted by the love of God.

P. L. B.

**A History of Philosophy.** By CLEMENT C. J. WEBB. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$0.50.

The Catholic reviewer of a book like this is naturally always interested in it from his own point of view. There are larger and more comprehensive histories of philosophy; this volume of a series that is "planned to form a comprehensive library of modern knowledge, for the general reader as well as the student," is compact and condensed. It tells a clear, objective story of the currents of thought from the Greek to the modern, and the tone of the telling is calm and dispassionate. Especially well written are the chapters on Plato and Kant. With regard to our own philosophy there are some reserves. It is not so much with what is said that one must quarrel, as with what is left unsaid. The less-informed man outside the Church in search of truth, and the loyal Catholic in search of facts honorable to his Church, on reading this presentation of the world's thought, might both well come to the conclusion that here at least Catholics have done little of distinction. The chapter on Scholasticism is entitled "The Minority of Modern Europe"; and the following age, that of Luther, Bacon, Bruno, Harvey, "The Coming of Age of Europe." The inference is obvious, though the premise be dubious. Francis Bacon receives seven pages; the earlier Roger Bacon exactly the same number of lines. The Angelic Doctor wins respectful treatment, so do Anselm and Scotus, but the general impression of the layman might well be that the whole movement was exclusively a question, on the one side, of logic, on the other, of theology, with silence on all those broad questions of metaphysics and psychology that he sees tormenting the minds of thinkers earlier and later. The absence of any distinctive history of this philosophy in the bibliography at the end corresponds to, and may explain, this lack in an otherwise orderly, interesting and clearly written book.

J. W. P.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Three Dedications, War Poems, Love Poems, Religious Poems, Rhymes for the Times, Miscellaneous Poems and Ballades, are the captions under which Gilbert K. Chesterton arranges the contents of his new book of "Poems" (Lane, \$1.25). There is a fine swing to "Lepanto," verses which describe how "Don John of Austria is going to the war." Of the other poems in the volume the religious ones are the best. The author loves to sing of the Christmas crib, as in the lines for instance:

A Child in a foul stable,  
Where the beasts feed and foam;  
Only where He was homeless  
Are you and I at home;  
We have hands that fashion and heads that know,  
But our hearts we lost—how long ago!  
In a place no chart nor ship can show  
Under the sky's dome.

Other verses, such as those entitled "The New Freethinker" and "A Ballade of Suicide," smack of Chesterton, the whimsical paradoxer, and will amuse the countless admirers of his prose works.

"The Duty of a Public Official," the leading article in the *Queen's Work* for October, is from the pen of the Hon. David I. Walsh, Governor of Massachusetts, and Father James J. Daly, S. J., tells what warm friends, both within the Fold and without, Thomas à Kempis has made. Urging young Catholics to become familiar with the great mystic's book, he writes:

The 'Imitation' is one of those pious classics with which every intelligent Catholic is supposed to be on intimate terms. It imparts depth and tone to Catholic life in every state and condition. It does not help the Church and it does not help Catholics, that so many of them remain ignorant all their lives of the simplest and most fundamental rules of advanced spiritual life. Wherever a Catholic has been conspicuous in business or the learned professions, in anything whatever, be it only social prestige, and remained a staunch Catholic, you may be sure that he carried in his pocket, if not the "Imitation," like the late Lord Chief Justice of England, Charles Russell, at least some little devotional book like it.

There is also an account of Father Dempsey's famous hotel for workmen, some new facts about the Y. M. C. A. and an interesting account of how Protestant vacation schools are conducted. As twenty per cent of the children attending them are Catholics, Father Garesché emphasizes the importance of our starting similar schools ourselves.

Here are four dramatic works: "A Rosary of Mystery Plays" consists of fifteen plays chosen out of the York cycle and translated from Middle English by Mrs. M. S. Mooney, who has spent many years in the study of this branch of our literary history. They represent the fifteen Bible scenes of the rosary, and apart from their devotional value, for they are instinct with the simple piety of the ages of Faith, have a distinct literary value, illustrating as they do the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, an important period in the development of the language. The book is addressed to the teaching Orders of the Church and to them it will appeal both for work in the classroom and on the stage. Its price is \$0.75 and \$0.40, and it is to be obtained from Mrs. M. S. Mooney, 618 Clinton Ave., Albany, N. Y. —"Red Wine of Roussillon" (Houghton, \$1.25), a tragedy in blank verse, has given William Linsey an opportunity to portray with a good deal of vividness a scene from the Middle Ages, whose romantic troubadour spirit he has caught with considerable success. The story begins and ends with murder and suicide, being the triumph of elemental passion over duty and right reason, all in the name of love; but in

spite of its gruesome setting it is very beautiful in parts and throbs with passion throughout.—We are now "advancing" so swiftly that the text of plays "everybody goes to see" can be bought at bookstores. "The Thief" (Doubleday, \$0.75), by Henry Bernstein, is unquestionably "strong," and has a good lesson for extravagant wives and doting husbands, but there are several scenes too "realistic" for Christian theatergoers to behold.—The text of "The Arrow-Maker" (Houghton, \$0.75), a play with all its characters American Indians, has been revised by Mary Austin, the author. The drama was first produced in New York four years ago.

Last fall, Mr. Arthur Machen, an English journalist, wrote for an evening paper a bit of pure fiction describing how the phantom ranks of the British archers, who fought at Crécy and Agincourt, saved the day for England at Mons. Much to the author's amazement the story was forthwith accepted as sober fact by credulous materialists. Preceded by an introduction, which is the best part of the book, "The Bowman and Other Legends of the War" (Putnam, \$0.75) has now been published. They all bring in the supernatural and have a Catholic atmosphere.—"Sir Christopher Leighton, or the Marquis de Vaudreuil's Story" (Herder, \$1.00) by Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer is a controversial novel which tells how the atheistic Cosmo died a believer, how the propaganda of the Harvard eugenist petered out, how persistently Sir Christopher sought the hero's life, and how Harry and Melanie were, nevertheless, happily married at last.—"Mary, a Romance of the West Country" (Herder, \$0.75) by Louise M. Stacpoole Kenny is a love story for girls.

The fall numbers of the *Catholic Historical Review* and of the *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society* have appeared. The younger quarterly opens with a very interesting paper on "Lulworth Castle: Its History and Memories." The author, C. M. Antony, tells all about the consecration of our first American Bishop and publishes two newly discovered letters bearing on the subject. Paul J. Foik, C.S.C., the Librarian of Notre Dame University, contributes an article full of fresh and important information concerning "Pioneer Efforts in Catholic Journalism in the United States (1809-1840)"; Georgina Pell Curtis tells about some "Early Conversions to the Catholic Church in America (1521-1830)"; Frederick J. Zwierlein writes on the "Catholic Beginnings in the Diocese of Rochester," and the Documents, Notes and Comments, and the excellently done Book Reviews are very readable.—The Philadelphia quarterly, now in its twenty-sixth year, begins with an illustrated account of the "American Catholic Historical Society," Father H. I. Henry writes about a curious "Philadelphia Choir Book of 1778," "Prince Gallitzin's First Visit to the Allegheny Mountains" is the story of a zealous missionary enterprise, Martin I. J. Griffin continues the "Life of Bishop Conwell," and "Father Peter Helbron's Greensburg, Pa., Register" is published. The Church in America is fortunate to have such good historical quarterlies as these two.

The following are recently published books for children: "Kis-ington Town" (Houghton, \$1.25) was being besieged by Red Rex, but young Harold, armed only with a few volumes of diverting tales, made his way to the king's camp, and read him into sparing the city and making peace. Abbie Farwell Brown, the pacifistic author, has written the interesting stories that Harold told.—In his amusing "Scissors Book" (Putnam, \$1.00) William Ludlum has supplied little ones with numerous patterns for cut-out figures, and writes an appropriate verse for each model. It is a book which the smaller children are sure to find absorbingly interesting.—"The Puppet Princess, or the Heart That



**Squeaked** (Houghton, (\$0.50) is an easily acted and arranged Christmas play which Augusta Stevenson has written for children.—**"Nannette Goes to Visit Her Grandmother"** (Houghton, \$0.50) is Josephine Scribner Gate's story of the adventures a very remarkable doll had with "Periwinkle" and other amiable pets. The half-dozen colored pictures in the little book are delicious.—Another volume that will delight small children is Sarah Sanderson Vanderbilt's **"Who's Who in the Land of Nod"** (Houghton, \$1.00). Little Sandy has explored that amazing country thoroughly, and for the benefit of other boys and girls has made a map of the region and describes all the well-known characters he met there. Old-fashioned parents who do not consider Mother Goose "unethical" can test with this book the children's knowledge of that nursery classic. Ruby Winckler's pictures are real illustrations.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

**Gabriel Beauchesne, Paris:**

*Le Livre de la Consolation.* Par Dom Hebrard, O.S.B. 2 fr. 75; *La Psychologie de la Conversion.* Par le P. Th. Mainage, O.P. 4 fr.; *Dieu: son Existence et sa Nature.* Par P. Fr. R. Garrigou-Lagrange. 10 fr.; *L'Intérêt de la France et l'Intégrité de l'Autriche-Hongrie.* 2 fr. 50.

**Benziger Bros., New York:**

*Meditations on The Passion of Our Lord.* By the Rt. Rev. Joseph Oswald Smith, O.S.B., Abbot of Appleforth. \$0.70; *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas. Part II (First Part). Literally Translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Third Number (qq. xc-cxiv). \$2.00.

**The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:**

*God's Man.* By George Bronson-Howard. \$1.40.

**Columbia University Press, New York:**

*Hellenic Civilization.* Edited by G. W. Botsford and E. G. Sihler.

**Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:**

*Bernal Diaz del Castillo. Being Some Account of Him, Taken from His True History of the Conquest of New Spain.* By R. B. Cunningham Graham. \$2.00; *Recollections of an Irish Judge: Press, Bar and Parliament.* By M. M. D. Bodkin, K.C. \$3.00.

**Doubleday, Page & Co., New York:**

*The Co-Citizens.* By Cora Harris. \$1.00; *Jerusalem, a Novel.* By Selma Lagerlof. Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swenston Howard. \$1.35; *The Riddle of the Night.* By Thomas W. Hanshew. \$1.25.

**E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:**

*Eve Dorre, The Story of Her Precarious Youth.* By Emily Vield Strother. \$1.35; *The Belgian Cook-Book.* Edited by Mrs. Brian Luck. \$1.00; *The Loneliness of Christ. Studies in the Discipline of Life.* By Robert Keable. \$0.75; *The Irish Abroad, a Record of the Achievements of Wanderers from Ireland.* By Elliot O'Donnell. \$2.50.

**Gibson & Perin Co., Cincinnati:**

*The Black and White Book. Pictures and Rhymes* by Charlotte Vimont Arnold. \$0.50.

**Laurence J. Gomme, New York:**

*Notes on Religion.* By John Jay Chapman. \$0.75; *The Social Principle.* By Horace Holley. \$0.75.

**Harper & Bros., New York:**

*Dreams and Dust. Poems* by Don Marquis. \$1.20.

**B. Herder, St. Louis:**

*Sir Christopher Leighton, or the Marquis de Vaudreuil's Story.* By Maria Longworth Storer. \$1.00; *Mary, A Romance of West County.* By Louise M. Staepole Kenny. \$0.75; *The Lord My Light.* By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. \$2.00; *The Little Imperfections.* Translated from the French by Rev. Frederic P. Garesché, S.J. Second Edition. \$0.60.

**Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:**

*Lotta Embury's Career.* By Elia W. Peattie. \$1.00; *The Case of American Drama.* By Thomas H. Dickinson. \$1.50; *Afternoons of April, a Book of Verse.* By Grace Hazard Conkling; *The Quiet Hour. Selected and Arranged by Fitz Roy Carrington.* \$0.75; *The Greatest of Literary Problems, the Authorship of the Shakespeare Works. An Exposition of All Points at Issue from Their Inception to the Present Moment.* By James Phinney Baxter. \$5.00.

**Imprimerie Du Messenger, Montreal:**

*Les Retraites Fermées.* By Joseph Papin Archambault, S.J. \$0.25.

**P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:**

*The Burden of Honor.* By Christine Faber. \$0.75.

**The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:**

*The Little Iliad.* By Maurice Hewlett. \$1.35; *Peg Along.* By Dr. George L. Walton. \$1.00.

**The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago:**

*A Budget of Paradoxes. Two Volumes.* By Augustus de Morgan, F.R.A.S., C.P.S., Second Edition. Edited by David Eugene Smith. \$3.50.

**G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:**

*War and Christianity from the Russian Point of View.* By Vladimir Solovyof. With an Introduction by Stephen Graham. \$1.50; *The Women and Other Legends of the War.* By Arthur Machen. \$0.75; *The Aims and Defects of College Education. An Original Investigation* by Foster Partridge Boswell, Ph.D. \$0.80; *Old Roads from the Heart of New York.* By Sarah Comstock. \$2.50.

**Peter Reilly, Philadelphia:**

*Lessons in Scholastic Philosophy.* By Michael W. Shallo, S.J.

**Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:**

*The One I Knew the Best of All.* By Frances Hodgson Burnett. \$1.25; *Constantinople Old and New.* By H. G. Dwight. \$5.00.

**The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:**

*Serbia, Her People, History and Aspirations.* By Woislav M. Petrovitch. \$1.50; *The American Country Girl.* By Martha Foote Crow. \$1.50; *Russian Fairy Tales, from the Skazki of Plevio.* By R. Nisbet Bain. \$2.50; *Hero Tales and Legends of the Serbians.* By Woislav M. Petrovitch. With a Preface by Chedo Miyatovitch. \$3.00.

**University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia:**

*Sumerian Epic of Paradise, the Flood and the Fall of Man.* By Stephen Langdon.

**Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.:**

*The Liberty of Citizenship.* By Hon. Samuel W. McCall. \$1.15; *A Voice from the Crowd.* By Geo. Wharton Pepper. \$1.50.

## EDUCATION

## The True College Spirit

THE seeds of tomorrow's convictions and beliefs are being flung broadcast today in the lecture-halls and class-rooms of our colleges. The youths who, in a few years, will enjoy manhood's privileges and front its responsibilities, are now in the crucible of college life, in the chapel, the class-room, the social and literary club, on the cinder-path, the gridiron, the athletic field. If the principles of this future generation are to be correct and its mental and moral fiber hardened to the strains it must bear, the college spirit must be absolutely sound.

The college spirit is a fact in our educational life. Masters and pupils constantly reacting upon one another, are the main factors in its formation. It is the convergence of many a small and, as yet, dimly-outlined affluent into a larger and more clearly marked stream. It is the resultant of the college surroundings, of the traditions and ideals which dominate the college. It is the *genius loci*, the atmosphere pervading campus and class-rooms, the momentum and direction given to faculty and students, the lasting influence exerted upon their lives. That spirit should be as a breath of invigorating wind blown from some serene mountain crest or from the untainted sea, not a sickening breeze laden with miasmas from marsh or fen and weighing down body and soul with unhealthful languors.

## THE SPURIOUS SPIRIT

A spurious college spirit lays an undue stress on the social, physical and material elements of college life. Though not indifferent to these, the genuine spirit yields the primacy to the spiritual and the intellectual, the soul and the intellect. "College spirit" does not always recall to the casual reader, the most pleasant images and associations. In the eyes of many, it has unfortunately been too often identified with the unseemly pranks of Freshmen and Sophomores, the rough-and-tumble hustling of the "gym-rush," and "cannon-rush," where limbs have been broken and lives lost. The boisterous parade and carousal after a victory on the diamond or the gridiron, the rowdiness culminating in window-breaking, "sign-swiping," and still grosser insults to law and decency, have sometimes been mistaken for the real college spirit and have brought it into disrepute. On this subject, Chancellor David Starr Jordan writes a few plain and pungent words:

It does not enhance the reputation of one of our great universities that the papers are full of the hair-cutting scrapes of her freshmen and sophomores. It adds nothing to the glory of another institution of honored name that her sophomores break up the freshmen dance. . . . It is not to the credit of any institution that . . . anonymous insults, inane or obscene, are circulated on its campus. Stealing ice cream is very much like ordinary stealing, and rowdiness in all its forms makes the development of honest college spirit hopeless.

Such abuses are gradually disappearing. Such a counterfeit article has never been to any appreciable extent introduced, much

less tolerated in our Catholic colleges. In them, "college spirit" stands for better things.

#### THE GENUINE SPIRIT

The true college spirit, embodied in teachers imbued with the highest ideals, and kindling the same sacred fire in the pupils, must accomplish two definite results. It must implant in the mind and heart of the boy an infallible instinct for truth and virtue, and beget in him the chivalrous vow of a life-long practical loyalty to these ideals, actualized in pre-eminence of service. If on the coat of arms, which every young man may choose on graduation day, such ideals were writ as practical standards of conduct, what a power for good would they not become.

Addressing the Association of American Alumnae at Radcliffe College, William James once said: "The best claim that a college education can possibly make on your respect, the best thing it can aspire to accomplish for you is this: That it should help you to know a good man when you see him." That is a fair standard, one perhaps not easily attained. For the good man is often unrecognized and ignored, while the flashy man, even though his principles be dangerous and his morals corrupt, frequently wins the plaudits of the crowd. But valuable as the faculty of discerning a good man may be, the instinct for the unerring principles of truth and virtue, the power of testing truly the current opinions of the day is even more valuable. The true college spirit is the flame of a generous enthusiasm for whatever is good and true, whatever is of fair repute, whatever is just and pure. So deeply should this ideal sink into the student's mind that on leaving his Alma Mater he would carry with him a sure and permanent test of the schools of thought, the standards of conduct and life he sees around him. Trained in no wavering system of philosophy, but in ethical principles as fixed and changeless as the very nature of man, and in the truths of Revelation, the young man imbued with the right college spirit can assay at its real worth the spurious currency of popular doctrines and fads. He will immediately recognize the genuine coin and reject the counterfeit.

Such a spirit breathing in a generation of ardent young souls is an incalculable power for good. For the battle is ever to the young. "Old men for counsel," says Bacon, "young men for action." In the struggles of life, the older and the wiser direct; the younger and sturdier must stand on the firing line.

#### EFFICIENT AND PRODUCTIVE LOYALTY

And so, the college spirit is incomplete if it does not give birth in the graduates of yesterday to an efficient and practical loyalty to ideals. The "efficiency expert" is prowling about today. Let him knock at the homes and offices and clubs of our college men, and while generously recognizing their good work, point out their shortcomings, their wasted powers and energies, rouse them from their indifference, summon them to wider religious, social, literary and educational activities. Surely, the college spirit of graduates from Catholic colleges is not sufficiently or adequately manifested in the bubbling enthusiasm of alumni celebrations, by the wearing of the college colors on a field-day, by facile eloquence and flow of wit at the alumni banquet, not even by generous contributions to the material upbuilding of the old college home. These manifestations of the college spirit are necessary, sound and praiseworthy, but there is a nobler sign of college spirit.

#### PRINCIPLES APPLIED TO LIFE

In a study of English and American schools in the New York Times, September 26, Mr. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper says that the English school boy is better equipped with facts; that the young American of the same type knows fewer facts, but can fit them better to the needs and requirements of modern life.

This pressure on principles, on men, on policies and events, on religious, civic and social life is the highest manifestation of the genuine college spirit. If exerted by noble characters and sane thinkers it becomes a paramount factor in a nation's history. Englishmen, it is claimed, can tell almost at sight a Harrow, a Rugby or a Westminster boy. These carry their "brand" about them. They stand for something definite and tangible in English life. They are the center of distinct ideals and energies; they have left a family-stamped impress on the annals of the nation. The graduates of our colleges must not keep unused powers of heart and head that were developed to give us "Captains Courageous" wherever the battle between truth and error, light and darkness, God and the devil is waged. The call for the Catholic college man has sounded. He must not be deaf to the summons.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

#### SOCIOLOGY

##### Another Fairy Tale

THE speaker on the platform triumphantly summarized her statements.

Each of us can play her part in creating the tremendous force of public opinion in favor of woman's suffrage. The public opinion of a nation can always be molded by its women. The national morals and the standard of morality are firm or shifting just as the morals and standard of morality are firm or shifting among its women. Woman, by her strong but silent power, can bring to reality any reform she may wish. United, the women of a country are its strongest moral force. And all this mighty power we now direct to securing equal suffrage. Suffrage is only a matter of days.

There was a polite pattering of applause, and the speaker joined the ladies of her audience. Slowly and leisurely, the ladies rose to their feet, drew their wraps about them, gave their liats a localizing jerk, swung their bags in their left hands, and with an amiable chatter left the assembly room. Matrons all, there was not one among them but knew the truth of the speaker's tribute to their power. The morals of her home were the product of her making, and the morals of her home were ultimately a constituent atom of the morals of the Nation. Nothing could be tolerated in her home to which she did not give her sanction. In the dusk shadows beyond the light and warmth of the family gas logs, strange things might be done and said; but if done and said without the sanction of her imperial condescension, they were furtive, skulking things, banned from the society of the respectable. Men judged that right which she approved; feared as wrong what brought a frown to her brow. Public opinion was truly in her hands to make or remake as she chose.

Full of the consciousness of her power, Mrs. Ay entered her favorite bookseller's. The door-boy tripped in his hurry to admit her. The clerks in mass formation hastened to serve her. The bookkeepers, in their cages above, reached for new bill-heads. The manager, far back in his sanctum, smiled a distant though welcoming smile. Was she not their best and most frequent patron? Verily.

"Something fresh and clever to while away a leisurely morning."

The books leaped forth from the shelves to greet her, marshalling themselves in trim battalions, their golden letters shining like the insignia of a chief of staff.

"Here is something exceptionally bright and clever," said Clerk Number One, pulling forth from the ranks a dainty leather-bound vial of poison.

Mrs. Ay's gloved fingers skimmed the pages lightly, and then with a gesture of abhorrence, dropped the volume to the floor. Had you seen her look, you might have fancied she had handled a serpent. "It's vile!" she cried, drawing herself up indignantly and catching her skirts from the possibility of contact; "an



insult to decent womanhood. And a woman has written it, too! How dare you offer me such a book? Be good enough to send me my balanced account. I shall go in future to a bookshop where respectable womanhood is not slapped in the face."

With that she withdrew; but that subtle power of woman's influence remained behind.

#### THE RESULT

Three clerks stumbled madly back to the manager; the manager tore patches of hair from his already scant thatching, and ordered the offending book removed from his shelves. Far off in the East, the directors of a publishing house received orders to send no more of a certain "best seller," and the publishers in panic shut the power off the presses, while one unblushing authoress gnawed her pen down to the point, and was forced to take in washing. For Mrs. Ay held public opinion in her grasp and Mrs. Ay had acted.

Ah, but does she always so?

#### MRS. BEE AND THE THEATER

Full of the consciousness of her power, Mrs. Bee decided to spend her afternoon at the matinée. Her dainty town car grazed the curb in front of the "Follies," and Mrs. Bee alighted. The man behind the brass bars sprained his muscles as he bowed his welcome; the head usher overlooked three men who held their tickets hopefully before his eyes, and scanned her bit of pasteboard. The matron in the dressing-room showed actual signs of vitality as she took Mrs. Bee's hat, while behind the scenes, the stage manager told his company to play their hardest. For was not she their best and most frequent patron? Verily.

Through two acts Mrs. Bee sat, with dawning sunrise in her cheeks and gathering storm-clouds on her brow. And then in the midst of a dashing song with chorus effects, she gathered her belongings about her and tilting her chin to a perilous angle passed down the main aisle. The head usher saw her on his horizon, but fell like a blasted pine beneath the lightning of her glance. The matron's hopeful glance grew apprehensive as Mrs. Bee held out a silent hand for her hat. The man in the box-office was frozen tightly to the bars by a chance contact as she passed. It was the manager who overhauled her ere she reached her car.

"Madame does not care for the 'Follies'?" he queried, with syrup in his mouth and ice gathering on his eyebrows.

Mrs. Bee's eyes looked down at him from her place among the clouds.

"It is a subject no woman cares to discuss," she said. "But I will say just this: Your play is a disgrace. It is a frank exploitation of womanhood in the interests of base passion. Its songs and jokes I could only interpret in the light of the smirking enjoyment of a leering clubman, two places from mine. I shall take care that no woman of my acquaintance sees her sex insulted as I have seen mine. My patronage of your theater is at an end."

With that she entered her car; but that subtle power of woman's influence remained behind.

For the manager rushed back to the stage director; the stage director telephoned madly for additional costumes; the comedians worked till the weary hours over new and unequivocal jests. Far in the East, a producing company registered tearfully one expensive failure in their books, while one unpromising author hesitated between carbolic acid and selling patent flatirons. For Mrs. Bee held public opinion in her grasp, and Mrs. Bee had acted.

Ah, but does she so always?

#### MRS. CEY AND THE MODISTE

Full of the consciousness of her power, Mrs. Cey consulted her engagement book and noted a date with her modiste.

The saleswomen dropped their air of ennui and thrust anxiously propping fingers into their coiffure, seamstresses back in the shop felt the electric thrill of her presence, and needles darted with new vigor. And Madame herself, from the cryptic recesses of her office sailed forth, all canvas flung to the breeze and welcome flags floating from every mast. For was not Mrs. Cey their best and most frequent patron? Verily.

"An evening gown, Madame. Something in the mode with a tang of Paris about it."

Madame waved her hand, and attendant sprites bore forth bolts and boxes, numerous but not weighty, to lay at the lady's feet. With deft fingers she held aloft a tiny web of translucent silk, a dash of creamy lace, a handful of brilliants and a pictured model.

"My lady's gown!" she cried with artistic ecstasy; "a triumph of skill; a breath of Paris and a dream of Worth!"

"That?" came the astonished query. "Is that a gown or a kerchief?"

"A gown, madame, quite of the latest mode."

Mrs. Cey rose from the entailing mass of finery like Juno rising from a quarrelsome council of the gods.

"Madame," she said, "I see I must transfer my custom elsewhere. I am not flattered at the implication that I am a woman of the streets or a lineal descendant of Roman matrons whose garments did not veil but allure. Your fashions are an insult to my womanhood, a temptation to the men whom I must protect from themselves. Kindly mail me my account."

With that she sailed forth, spurning the earth beneath her wrathful heel; but that subtle power of woman's influence remained behind.

For Madame tore the pictured model into tiny shreds, countermanded her order for a new twin six and moved into a small uptown apartment; while a score of salesladies and seamstresses twirled idle thumbs or took to washing dishes in restaurants. Far off in Europe, a firm of designers sent out a panic call for St. Bernard dogs as an avalanche of indignant protests from frantic costumers the world over, slid down upon them.

For Mrs. Cey held public opinion in her grasp, and Mrs. Cey had acted.

Ah, but does she always so?

And so the strengthened consciousness of power directed for a moment from the cause of suffrage had banned a poisonous novel, stopped a licentious play and tabooed an immodest fashion. The mighty power for molding public opinion was turned from suffrage to a much neglected channel, the morals of the Nation.

Don't you wish, good reader, that 'twere always thus?

DANIEL A. LORD, S. J.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT

Socialists are not opposed to religion; they merely delight in the publication of innocent pleasantries such as the present, culled from the *Call* for October 3, 1915:

Religion, church religion, which caused and causes so much misfortune to humanity, in former centuries more, but enough even nowadays, is another obstacle and barrier to Socialism and Internationalism. Enough it is to mention that it would not be so very hard to get rid of the churches. In the Catholic land of France we witnessed a couple of times, during the great French Revolution, and then later again, the confiscation by the State of the property of the Church, the main source of power of the Church.

The insinuation that the same might be accomplished much more readily in our own Country is too plain to call for explanation. The battle against organized Christianity is,

covertly or openly, carried on persistently by the entire Socialist press.

On October 7 Georgetown College sustained a severe loss by the sudden death of the Reverend John Conway, for many years professor of philosophy in that venerable institution. Born in Scotland, he became a Jesuit early in life and after a brilliant course of studies in America, went to Europe for further training at the Gregorian University, Rome, and at Innsbruck, Austria. On his return to the United States he taught in Woodstock College, Maryland, going thence first to Holy Cross, Worcester, and then to Georgetown, where he spent many fruitful years. Georgetown men will remember him for his eloquence and keenness of intellect, while many of our Catholic educators throughout the country will recall with gratitude his labors in behalf of the Catholic Education Association.

A writer signing himself Benno Lewinson asks, in the New York *Sun*, why, since European educational ideas are so popular in our country, we do not likewise conform ourselves to that other Continental practice of making the parents of pupils in the secondary and high schools pay for the education given their children:

It may be ungracious for a beneficiary of a free college education to raise that question, but is it not, after all, the fairest and simplest solution of our crying financial problem to insist that, at least under present conditions, free education be limited to the public primary and grammar schools?

The question is certainly pertinent.

It is interesting to note the latest development of the minimum wage propaganda. The following regulations are to be in force in Massachusetts after January 1, 1916, as announced by the Minimum Wage Commission of that State:

The wages of women 18 years of age and over, who have been employed for at least one year in department stores in this State, must be not less than \$8.50. Learners who have reached the age of 18 years shall receive not less than \$7 a week. The minimum wage for girls of 17 shall be \$6 a week, while for younger employees the minimum shall be \$5.

The Commission is empowered to note and publish, in at least four newspapers in each county, the names of all employers disobeying the decree, with the statement of the minimum wage paid by such employers.

The *World's Work* for October endeavors to draw up the military balance sheet in Europe. We republish therefrom the table of losses sustained by the belligerents from August 1, 1914, to August 17, 1915. German casualty lists, it is noted, contain the names of all killed, wounded or missing. England is the only other nation that publishes casualty lists. In the other cases the estimates are "based on the known casualties suffered by particular organizations, numbers of dead counted after engagements, and numbers of wounded transported to the rear. None of these estimates can be exact, but they will be found in all probability to fit the actual numbers closely when these become known."

	Total Casualties	Killed or Permanently Incapacitated	Prisoners
Germany .....	2,100,000	420,000	150,000
Austria .....	1,750,000	350,000	300,000
Turkey .....	250,000	50,000	40,000
Russia .....	5,000,000	1,000,000	2,000,000
France .....	1,800,000	300,000	275,000
England .....	400,000	80,000	25,000
Italy .....	200,000	40,000	5,000
Servia .....	200,000	40,000	20,000
Belgium .....	150,000	30,000	30,000

Such is the holocaust the war is thought to have exacted in the course of little more than one year. According to the *World's Work*, Germany alone appears unimpaired in so far as personnel is concerned. Its number of killed, permanently

incapacitated and imprisoned, who alone are to be deducted, amount to 570,000, while its normal annual contingent, i. e., men fit for service, is 600,000. "The estimates show that the losses in killed and prisoners, in proportion to the annual contingent of available males, fall most heavily on France, next on Russia, then on Austria." Russia's annual contingent is 1,735,221; that of France, 250,000; and that of Austria, 530,000.

It is impossible to form any adequate conception of the cost of the present war by merely counting the number of figures contained in the periodic war loans. They can only bewilder the mind. It is necessary to have recourse to illustration. This has been cleverly done by a series of comparisons. Thus cable dispatches affirm, probably with some exaggeration, that the war is daily costing Great Britain alone \$25,000,000. At this rate the money expended in the erection of the world's highest building, in New York, \$13,500,000, would enable England to engage in the war for about thirteen hours. The annual budget of New York City itself, amounting for the year 1914 to \$190,495,551, would afford the possibility of continuing the conflict for a little over one week more, and the enormous cost of the entire subway in the same city, \$330,000,000, would prolong the struggle for not quite another two weeks. If the thought of the nations oppressed by these mountainous debts is depressing, war loan heaped upon war loan, like Ossa piled upon Pelion, there is possibly likewise a hopeful view to be taken. May not "the high cost of warring" finally help most effectively to bring it to an end?

A notable anniversary celebration recently took place at the Mission House of the Fathers of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill. All who are cognizant of the labors of this Society have learned to appreciate the zeal which inspires its members. Never perhaps was there more need than now of a missionary congregation such as this. Just forty years ago, on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, Father Arnold Janssen was moved by the grace of God to plant the tiny mustard seed which already has grown into a mighty tree, giving shelter to countless souls from among many nations. On September 8, 1875, urged by zeal for the conversion of the heathen to the Faith, he opened the first little mission seminary at Steyl, in Holland. God gave the increase. Houses of study are at present established by his Society in Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, and South and North America. Its candidates for the priesthood number 1,300; and for the missionary brotherhood about 250. There are 800 priests and about the same number of Brothers. The Society has missions in China, Japan, West Africa, Australia, the Philippine Islands, the Sunda Islands and in North and South America.

The number of heathen baptized in the last forty years is over 300,000. 25,000 children are educated in the schools maintained by the Society in different parts of the world. 400,000 Catholics receive pastoral care by members of the Society, especially in South America.

The literary labor accomplished by the Society in the interest of the foreign missions has been very extensive. The Mission House at Techny has proved itself extraordinarily active in this field. Its last successful venture is the bright and interesting *Little Missionary*, intended to spread the missionary spirit among Catholic boys and girls. Eighty students have so far been enrolled in the classical course at Techny and sixteen at the Society's Sacred Heart Mission House, Girard, Pa. "The most Divine of all Divine things is to cooperate with God in the salvation of souls," is the truth the Society seeks to impress upon the Catholic world.